

811.08  
SONGS 805  
OF  
HOOSIER  
SINGERS.

INDIANA ROOM

PAMPHLET FILE

INDIANA - Poetry

CULMER,  
BELLMAN,  
FOWLER,  
LAYTON,  
SEARCY,  
RICE.

# SONGS

.....OF HOOSIER

## SINGERS.



*WITH PORTRAITS.*



**JETHRO C. CULMER.**

Spencer, Indiana.

**BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.**

Andrews, Indiana.

**WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER,**

Martinsville, Indiana.

**HARVEY PORTER LAYTON,**

Marshfield, Indiana.

**KATE WARTHEN SEARCY,**

Wartrace, Tennessee.

**ALONZO LEORA RICE,**

Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

1898.

---

FROM THE PRESS OF  
G. E. FINNEY,  
MARTINSVILLE, IND.

---

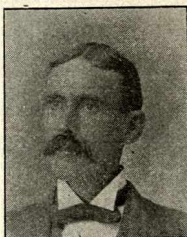
## IN SEPTEMBER.



JETHRO C. CULMER.



Now sunburned autumn comes  
among the hills  
Flouting the green conventions  
She is strong—  
The sumac reddens as she comes  
along  
And the wan marsh with fire of  
gold she fills.  
The sun makes haste, and undue  
heat he spills  
Into the noon, and lank grass-  
hoppers throng  
The rusty steeples. The locust  
sings his song  
With growing stress—I know not  
what he wills.



From lowland cornfields, standing stark and  
pale,  
With tattered shadows carpeting their  
ways,  
I hear at intervals a lonely quail  
Who makes his meaning clear in simple  
phrase—  
He listens where the morning glories trail  
And calls again throughout the startled  
maize.



## THE ROBIN SINGS.



The robin sings in the frozen marsh  
Of a day the summer-time will bring—  
The fields are sullen, the reeds are harsh.  
But a full, warm note doth robin sing.  
  
The day is far, but the day is fair,  
And seems to bloom for him while he sings—  
The listening fields are not so bare  
And a milder freak the marsh wind flings.  
—JETHRO C. CULMER.



### THE MORNING TRYST.



When the ships of the morning come sailing in  
Out from the seas of splendor,  
When night veils are grown to be mistily thin  
And the air aromatic and tender,  
When pale lilies shake from their faces the  
dew  
And the rose, sweetly heavy, hangs low,  
It is then, my dear love, I'll be waiting for  
you  
When the East wears its Orient glow.

Then lightly you'll trip o'er the dew jeweled  
mead,  
Through the plume of white mist in the  
vale;  
Over the brooklet your way you will speed  
To the silverbirch, slender and pale,  
And there I'll be waiting, my Mary to greet,  
My Mary—the light of my eyes!  
Then for a few golden moments—how fleet—  
Two fond hearts will taste Paradise.  
—BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



### IN THE SHADOWS.



If death means that no longer we partake  
Of earth's fair feast; that we no more can  
know  
Enjoyment in the roses: winds that blow,  
When crimson clouds of morning gladly  
break,  
And all the valleys and the woodlands make  
Triumphal arches: heeding not the flow  
Of winding rivers, or the mist and snow,—  
If this be death, then I shall not awake.  
My life is purposeless: with empty hand,  
I mark each year, the rose, the bird, the bee;  
I catch the scent that gladdens all the land;  
I hear the song that rings full-throated, free:  
And view the honey, but I understand  
In this wide bounty there is nought for me.  
—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

### THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.



Here clover blooms and is the brown bees  
themc—

A little brook slips down from its high well,  
Tinkles upon the ripple like a bell  
And falls among the rushes like a dream.  
The wilds are soft with many a misty gleam—  
Some near vine sheds its fragrance, and a  
spell

Of hidden song falls ceaselessly, to quell  
Morrrows and yesterdays and thoughts ex-  
treme.

'Tis good to be with mother earth apart—

To lie in her warm lap and hush my cry,  
Seeing the rosebuds into color start—

To listen to her gentle lullaby  
Of lowly things, and soothe my anxious heart  
When its wild longings push against the sky.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.



### THE COWBOY'S SONG.



Prairie winds all around me are sighing!  
For a home's pleasing comforts I yearn.  
Yet high in my heart hope is flying,  
For my darling awaits my return.  
Yes, my darling awaits for my coming!  
She said, when she kissed me adieu.  
"Go, precious one, hasten! The sooner  
To come back and find I've been true!"

A hard fight with grim fortune I'm making,  
And I long that the scales may soon turn.  
For oh, how my heart is sore aching  
For the darling who waits my return!  
Yes, my darling awaits for my coming!  
She said, when she kissed me adieu.  
"Go, precious one, hasten! The sooner  
To come back and find I've been true!"

—KATE WARTHEN SEARCY.

## AN IDYL OF THE PAST.



One moment in the dim recess  
Of that grim past let me reside,  
And long once more for love's caress,  
The charm of some one's tenderness  
And ideals deified.

Through narrow paths that I have known,  
At eventide again I stroll,  
And see the village lights that shone  
Upon a watcher, who, alone,  
Sat on a grassy knoll.

Oh! there within the self-same place  
A broken-hearted lover stood:  
Torn from a sweetheart's fond embrace—  
Soured cynic, standing face to face  
With elfish solitude.

What wonder that the scar remains  
E'en in this far and distant day!  
What wonder that the self-same chains  
Still bind me to those leafy lanes  
Where she was wont to stray!

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



## LIFE.



Lo, it is night and yonder is the moon—  
The hill tops rise and smile  
And the deep vale lies black across the land—  
There is no sound or song—  
Naught moving, save the slowly changing  
light

And now an errant star, wild riding down  
The far off field of blue, in urgent quest.

O, my vain soul! have peace—  
The world alone is mine, and I would grow  
As a tall tree into the Heavenward air,  
Knitting my roots more deeply in the earth  
While day abounds and sunshine warms the  
world:

Or, when the darkness and the blast come on,  
Stand high against the battling storm, and  
know

The mighty joy of bravery—  
For there are life and death, and life is mine  
And death seems far away—a sacred thing.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.

LIBRARY  
THE FAIRBANKS NEW LIBRARY

AMBITION.



BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



O talk not to me of the sin of am-  
bition.  
'Tis the glorious forecast of com-  
ing fruition;  
'Tis the acorn's proud swelling to  
copy the oak.  
'Tis the felling of forests by many  
a stroke;  
'Tis the doing one's noblest and  
best every day.  
The striving to live in an ideal  
way.  
The meaner self crushed and the  
better self grown—  
Ambition, come thou! In this heart  
set thy throne!



IN A LETTER.



Petals of roses from yesterday,—  
Odorous, faded and dry.  
Proudly they flaunted their colors so gay,  
Nor feared that such as I  
Should ruthlessly strip from their nodding  
spray.  
And fold them away, to die.

The pretty dears, they little knew  
My purpose; I but meant  
To send them far away to you.  
And they should be content  
To symbolize a friendship true  
Ere their brief charm is spent.

—BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



#### TO A PRAIRIE BARD.



"I want the hills! I want the streams!  
I'm sick of prairie sand,  
I want to catch the morning gleams  
Across the tumbling land."—MERWIN.

My bard is homesick I now see,  
He yearns for forest shades.  
He dreams of streams that flow so free  
Through cat-tail everglades.  
He catches gleams from sand to hill  
And tosses in his chair.  
He craves the dancing, laughing rill,  
The forest, vine and tare.

I have been homesick for all these,  
I know his craving well.  
I love the hills and streams and leaves,  
Far more than I can tell.  
No prairie field has charms for me,  
I stroll by forest streams,  
The giant trees in gallantry  
Toss down the sunny gleams.

My prairie bard, you come to-day,  
I'll take you for a stroll.  
O'er the hills and streams—away  
To mossy forest knoll;  
We'll catch the breath of purest air,  
Where hawthorn scents the breeze,—  
We'll hide away from thorny care,  
Behind the shady trees.

— HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



#### THE ELFIN KNIGHT.



The moon is up, and flooding with her bright  
And tranquil rays the river-shore and  
glade:

And here within this leafy colonade,  
Sequestered deep from mortal sound or sight,  
I pause to hear the plaint of Elfin Knight.

As low he trills his evening serenade  
Beneath his lover's bower, half-afraid  
It will not please nor waken love's delight.

A favored minstrel! Where the lilies lean,  
She softly watches him with soul-lit eyes.  
And hand aloft lest leaves that intervene

Shut-out the music of his heart-felt sighs.  
And though to him secluded and unseen,  
She gives his tender message sweet replies.

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

TO AN ANGRY SUITOR.



I answered you gently, but firmly, "No!"  
When you asked me to be your wife;  
Why will you declare my refusal unfair,  
And say it has blasted your life?  
I did not snare this—your offer amiss  
Of your love, your land and your name—  
You candidly own! Then why say of stone  
Is my heart? As if I were to blame!

I answered you gently and firmly then,  
And I told you the reason why;  
You know if I could I would spare you this  
pain,  
But I can not—will not—live a lie.  
I could not be true to my vows and to you—  
Without love I never shall wed;  
'Twould be life-time dirge—you are cruel to  
urge—  
'Twere better we both be dead.

Don't say that your love for both is enough!  
Ere long you would discover  
That a one-sided love is comfortless stuff  
To the one who is the lover.  
Though your love now is strong it would not  
be long  
Till you'd curse the day when we met;  
But I trust that we will for aye be friends  
still,  
And neither have aught to regret.

Resign your false hopes; your anguish re-  
move;  
You are too brave to weakly repine.  
The course I've expressed I have judged to  
be best  
Both for your future weal and for mine.  
You will thank me, I know, as years come  
and go;  
You may win you a worthier bride,  
Who will return love real, such as I do not  
feel,  
And will faithfully stand by your side.

—KATE WARTHEN SEARCY.

SOMETIME.



Sometime, sometime,  
Promises are made,  
By a youth and hopeful girl,  
Rosy cheek and chestnut curl,  
Strolling in the shade—  
Sometime, sometime,  
Golden fancies fade.

Sometime, sometime!  
Have you ever thought  
How you promised years ago  
To be true in weal or woe,  
When your heart meant naught?  
Sometime, you will  
See the wreck you wrought.

Sometime, sometime,  
When the end is near,  
You will take a casual glance  
Backward o'er the broad expanse,  
To the shadows drear,—  
Sometime, sometime,  
Teardrops will appear.  
—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



A WISH: TO MARJORIE.



If change must come to you when you ascend  
To those far courts where we sojourn for  
aye,  
How shall I know you in that distant day,  
When scenes of earth with those of Heaven  
blend?  
How shall I come to you who now attend  
My footsteps as I journey down the way?  
What sign between us shall there be to say,  
You stand within the presence of your friend?  
I know naught of the wonderland that lies  
Secluded from my view: but should a change  
Possess the dreamy depths of those blue  
eyes,  
Or rose-red cheeks, or bind your tresses  
range,  
I should not know you: in the olden guise,  
I hope to greet you when all things are  
strange.

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

## HOMESTEAD DREAMS.



If I could stroll to pasture shades,  
Where homestead dreams are old,  
Where stately trees stand guard at glades,—  
I guard my shepherd's fold;  
The world would seem once more anew,  
The languid streams would wake.  
The woodland morn through flashing dew,  
Would stroll down through the brake.

The birds would sing in sweeter muse,  
The torch of noon would glare;  
The sumac flames at night refuse  
To let me go from there.  
No village mars this dear retreat.  
No plowshare turns the clay,  
I eat the apples which are sweet.  
And throw the cores away.

The sober and the gay with smiles  
Think of my homestead dreams,  
Where stately trees for miles and miles,  
Fringe laughing, forest streams.  
Dreams of home are dreamed again,  
Where palace stones are gay,  
I am to-day as I was then,  
A part of forest clay.  
—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



## FOR YOU.



I send you some pansies to-day, friend,  
That were cared for by my own hands,  
And they rival in beauty and fragrance  
The products of sunnier lands.  
O, the rose is the flower of romance,  
The violet vows to be true,  
But the delicate odor of heart's-ease  
Always reminds me of you.

They were waked by the morning sunbeams  
And bathed in the evening dew;  
They slept all night in the white moonlight,—  
They knew they were growing for you!  
So wear them, because of our friendship;  
Let them lie in your bonnie brown hair.  
Then, after long weeks of waiting  
They will find their reward, nestling there.  
—BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



### THE HORSEBACK RIDE.



The prairie, the prairie! Its beauties, oh,  
see!  
Come gallop its green, rolling surface with  
me!  
The swish of its grasses makes falut music,  
sweet,  
Bestirred by our galloping horses' swift feet,  
Then over the hillocks and straight to the  
West,  
To the land by the wind and sun both loved  
the best,  
Through briar-set copses were jackrabbits  
sleep,  
Through rough, rocky canons where silver  
brooks creep,  
Then away once again through the swift  
swirling air  
That plucks like sprite fingers your clothing  
and hair,  
O, with wild exultation your true heart will  
beat  
When over the prairie on mustang so fleet  
You feel all your being the center of power.—  
And oft you will sigh for return of this hour  
When once more ensconced in your far, city  
home,  
So mount your good mustang, and come,  
stranger, come!

—BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



### THE RED BIRD IN WINTER.



When wintry woods are silent with the cold  
And all the paths are deep with dazzling  
grit,  
Some gracious mood of Fortune may permit  
A weary-eyed snow-gazer to behold  
The vivid red bird. He is blithe and bold,  
Haunting the dreary elm tops, he will sit  
Beside the dark green mistletoe, or flit  
In ruddy flame athwart the frozen world.

Some morning, when the glory of the sun  
Falls upon groves of crystal, he will sing  
A psalm of the universe, so fit  
That all the shadowy purlieus shall be won  
And dreams be born of fair realms, widening  
From mortal coigne to verges infinite.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.

### LOOKING BACK.



WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



I'm weary of the narrow way  
That I have trod these lonely  
years—  
Oh! let me leave it for a day,  
And stroll in other spheres.

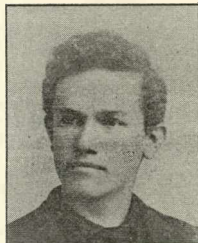
Let me recline in childish mirth  
Away from life's cares—fancy  
free.  
Beside the broad and cheerful  
hearth,  
And dream of things to be.

Let stern ambition take her  
place,  
Within my young and hopeful  
soul.  
And there in dreamland's fond  
embrace.  
Look forth and see the goal!

Oh! let me wander to the source  
Of life's long stream—and be a boy,  
Before it gathers on its course,  
Rude pebbles of alloy!

For I am not what I would be.  
If I were but a boy once more—  
To sail again, the troubled sea  
Still farther from the shore.

I know that I would realize  
Those tender dreams of long ago;  
The bad would vanish—and the skies  
Would gleam with brighter glow.



### THE PLAY IS DONE.



The play is done—the curtains fall  
Upon the saddest act of all—  
A woeful tragedy of tears,  
A glimpse of those forgotten years  
Whose memory wakens with the call  
Of piping quail upon the wall.  
Or mournful melody withal.

Of that sad echo filled with fears—  
The play is done.

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.

#### A COMPLAINT.



Depart, thou ever-vexing gloom,  
My heart is full of care  
My life is shadowed with a doom,  
Far more than I can bear.

I stand in dreams upon a height  
All viewless to my gaze,  
And long for that departed light  
Of golden other days.

My hopes are fled—all gold is dross,  
My heart is fraught with pain,  
While fleeting dangers flash across  
My visionary brain.

I see the fields I loved so well,  
Where once I used to rove,  
Before I drank—before I fell—  
Before I learned to love!

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



#### A REVIEW.



The darkness falls—the night-hawk calls,  
The hunter's bounds give up the chase;  
The owl's lone shout,—lamp-lights are out,  
And gay depart from festal place.

The game is done,—the shekels won,  
The cup is empty at the pall;  
The embers die,—the moonlit sky  
Points out the cold, departing trail.

The embers glow, till life burns low,  
And then I fade from eyes of men;  
The curtain falls in life's vast halls,  
Where I shall never play again.

—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.

### AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.



Weep, sad winds! over this lone bed;  
In chill and spring,  
I come to bring  
And place love's trophy o'er the dead.  
Weep, sad winds! I have come again,—  
With flowers rare  
To scent the air,—  
The flowers from my native glen.

Weep, sad winds! I am here once more;  
My mother's bed  
Is with the dead!  
I weep till my poor heart is sore.  
Weep, sad winds! For we weep alone!  
I linger here  
From year to year.  
And mourn my loss! My own! my own!  
—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



### THE SKEPTIC.



Columbia's noblest patriot, he died,  
Unwept by those, whose land he worked to  
save  
Laid by a whim in death's unhallowed  
grave,  
I see him now, by England once defied,  
Silent, the while his "Common Sense" replied  
To the base insult that the Briton gave,  
And lo, our Nation's warrior true and brave,  
Was banished to the mercies of the wide  
Unfeeling world, while from across the sea,  
Came news of one who could not be sup-  
pressed,  
But proclaimed liberty, though bound  
with chain,  
Or shackled with disgrace and poverty.  
O say, Fanatic, is our hero blest?  
Where dwells to-day the skeptic, Thomas  
Paine?

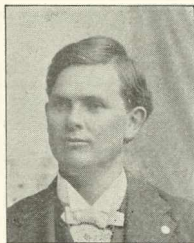
—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



## A HOOSIER PICTURE.



HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



It's kind o' nice to think about,  
The shade I use to walk into  
An' stay all day—jist laid squar'  
out—  
To fish an' snare the minner-  
crew.  
Cute silver-sides wud more'n  
glis'en  
Down in the water-hole,—thar  
I'd  
Set an' nod—an' see, an' lis'en  
At the cows—worter up mid-  
side,—  
Stomp an' throw their heads  
'round each way  
'Cause the flies wuz bad.—Their  
tails wuz  
Swung 'round an' 'round, an' had  
full play

With big cow flies that 'd bite an buzz.  
A kingfisher—with his chatter cry—  
Lit on a limb hung 'cross the crick,  
To watch the minners swimmin' by,  
Then chatter like he 'd played a trick.  
Purty soon he 'd leap in the air  
An' fly around, up through the wood;  
Quicker 'n scat! he 'd be right back there—  
Or send a feller jist az good.

What kep' me from gittin' lonesome  
Wuz the fly-up-the-crick,—awkerd,  
Long-necked,—long-legged;—by gum  
He wuz the greenest actin' bird  
I ever seed fly,—walk, or stand  
'Round anywheres. Act like he 's beat  
No matter how it wuz. The saud  
Seemed hard on his tender feet.  
He walked like he 'd fall apart  
If he stept on a sticky burr;  
It wud purty near break his heart  
If he mist what he 's fishin' fer.  
He wuz lazy az he could be,—  
Think he wuz by the way he 'd walk  
'Round in the worter—slow az me;—  
He 'd crane his neck to watch—jist gawk  
'Cause I wuz doin' az I please,—  
Or think 'bout his jumped-claim down  
Thar in the shade where the bees  
Hug the blooms, no matter who 's 'roun'.

Thar goes the kingfisher—dives past;—  
Jist scrapes the worter—awful quick;  
He got the minner,—then he sast  
Back at the slow fly-up-the-crick.  
Then he flew up on a dry snag,  
Et his dinner in highest style,—  
Chatterin'—jist seemed to brag  
Like he wuz better'n the whole pile.  
I throwed in the water-hole,—  
'Way went the kingfisher.—skeered.  
The fly-up-the-crick,—crazy soul,  
Like a fract'us team, done geared,  
Jist went scootin' up the crick!  
I wuz left to pull out fer home,  
An' quit fshin'. Drapt in my stick,  
(Lodged 'ginst the foot-log an' foam)  
Wound up my line—drapt in the can.  
Chubs I ketched, wiggled an' flopt  
In the deep, round hole in the san'.  
That wuz full o' worter. I stopt  
An' looked a minit or so,—  
No use. I tho't. to take 'em home;  
I tuck 'em out. an' let 'em go  
In the hole I ketched 'em from.

I'd offen leave my team an' plow,  
Go to the crick to lay up fence,  
In the spring when the breachy cow  
Re'ch fer weeds, like she had no sense;  
When grass knee-deep, everywhere.  
Kivered pastures fer an' wide,  
I don't know what she done it fer,  
Without she was not satisfied.  
I am satisfied!—I am shore.  
The crick has a hole jist az deep  
Az 'twuz ten year ago, or more;—  
Tho' kind shifted 'round a-heap.  
I long quit fshin' in the crick;  
I like to think 'bout times I had,  
Full o' mischief az I cud stick,  
(Outer reach o' pap's ellum gad!)  
I'd lounge like I wuz stuck to stay,  
Watchin' the birds an' bumble-bees.  
Ketchin' the smell that lasts all day  
Wrapt in the best an' coolest breeze.  
I tho't them days wuz fine,—but not  
Half az fine az they seem to-day,  
When they come from the Not-For-Got.  
An' hang around to make me gay.  
The pictur jist skunks what I've told  
'Bout the crick, where I use to be;  
Ye kaint have it fer all yer gold,—  
That air pictur' wuz made fer me.

#### AT SUNSET.



At sunset on a green decline,  
I stood and fixed a longing gaze.  
Upon the east where day was born,  
Now burnished in a leaden haze.

And then toward the west I turned  
And saw the great red sun depart.  
And thought, "as fades this splendid day,  
So fades the hopes within my heart."

Full twenty seasons in the past  
On such a day as this I stood.  
And saw the splendor of the sun  
Fade in a distant purple wood.

Beside me stood a girlish form,  
Who eagerly the distance scanned,  
While I a wild and careless youth  
With loving heart the future planned.

She listened with a dreamful awe,  
With lifted eye and lips apart,  
The while the beauty of the scene  
Made a firm picture on my heart.

'Twas but a dream from which I woke,  
When many years had passed away.  
And lo, its eloquence I saw  
In the fair sunset of today.

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



#### AN AUTUMN SCENE.



From barren boughs the gathered dampness  
drips.

And twilight shadows softly fall around  
On river-valley, and deserted ground  
Of ruined gardens, where in death's eclipse  
The rose's face is shadowed; shattered ships  
Of broken leaves touch with a muffled  
sound,

And toward the springs of freshness that  
abound

The fainting lily leans with pallid lips.

The lilac presses to the fire-lit pane.

Like some devoted maiden who has sinned  
Beyond redemption. Shades of twilight  
gain

On day's confines; the summer ranks are  
thinned

But still I mark the lances of the rain  
And hear the silver bugles of the wind.

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

## A BALLAD.



I saw him last night slowly walking  
Along the old path on the hill—  
His head was bowed down—he was talking  
To himself in low tones; volatile  
Were all things around him. The rill  
In the valley slipped gently along,  
The while he strolled onward at will,  
As sad as a nightin-gale's song.

He thought of the wonderful sages,  
Who slumber so solemn and still  
In the cold vaults of the mystical ages  
But send forth their wisdom to fill  
The vaults of the mind, and instill  
A hope in the suffering throng,  
The while he strolled onward at will,  
As sad as a nightin-gale's song.

Still backward and forward he wandered  
Along the old path on the hill.  
He thought of the love he had squandered  
In earlier youth, and a thrill  
Broke loose in his bosom to chill  
His heart for its sorrowful wrong,  
The while he strolled onward at will  
As sad as a nightin-gale's song.

## L'ENVOY.

"Ah," he murmured, "false friendship will kill  
The love of the weak and the strong,"  
The while he strolled onward at will  
As sad as a nightin-gale's song.

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



## YOUTH AND AGE.



Young! Nimble! Playful! Gay!  
This is youth when sands are fine;  
This is youth when life's divine.  
Young! Nimble! Playful! Gay!

Old! Worn! Decrepit! Gray!  
This is age when sands are run;  
This is age when life is done.  
Old! Worn! Decrepit! Gray!

—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



## TWO ARTISTS.



You have heard of the wonderful window  
That the Roman artist made  
Of the sparkling bits of crystal  
And the glowing tints arrayed,  
Till it seemed complete and lovely  
To the people who beheld,—  
And the artist was contented,  
Strong his heart with pleasure swelled.

You remember how the servant  
Who assisted at the toil  
Saved the cast off bits of color,  
Treasured there through all the moil.  
Then he built of these wee fragments  
That the one had counted naught,  
O, a vastly finer window  
Than that by the artist wrought.

So it is, my little children,  
In this life through which we move;  
Not the one with wealth and honor  
Shall the greatest progress prove.  
But the child of humble fortune,  
Who can toil with steadfast eye,  
Shall behold his window growing  
Still more fair, as years go by.  
—BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



## DISAPPOINTMENT.



In joy I sit and think  
About how love shall be,  
I walk life's river brink  
And sail upon life's sea:  
These lines were sung to one,  
Who sleeps the sleep of death:  
The heart I nobly won  
Is gone with fleeting breath.

I con the tear-stained lines,  
I think of them in mart,—  
Beyond life's bleak confines,  
There is a broken heart.  
I sit and think again  
About how love shall be;  
In haunts of busy men,  
My soul goes out from me.  
—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.

### FROM OUT THE GLOOM.



(O Memory, thou, the goddess, whom  
The great Jehovah gave,  
To those who linger near the gloom  
Of some neglected grave!)

Moved by the noonday heat, I stroll  
Into the quiet glade,  
And there converse with thee, my Soul.  
On hopes that never fade!

From out the gloom of vanished years  
I see an angel face.  
Peer with its eloquence of tears  
Upon my resting place.

Alas! fair maiden, guileless girl!  
At mention of thy name,  
The breeze that tossed thy golden curl  
Fans love into a flame.

Through shining fields, again we trip.  
To where the waters play,  
And disembark from childhood's ship,  
And watch it sail away.

Before it faded from the view  
Of watchers on the shore,  
A message came that day to you.  
And you were seen no more.

And even to this distant day,  
I wander to your tomb.  
And see above your lifeless clay,  
A light shine through the gloom.

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



### PEACE.



Before me stretches a shoreless sea.  
Laving a sun-set boundary—  
A bankless, sourceless river.—  
And as life's silvery billows roll,  
Around an island in my soul,  
My heart feels peace forever.

—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.

## THE NOW AND THEN.



The bursting buds, the apple bloom.  
The drowsy river's song,  
Bring back the lingering brightness of  
A day departed long.

I see again the many friends  
I loved in days of yore,  
Returning with their gifts of praise  
I can possess no more.

Ah! fleeting remnant of a dream.  
To what port hast thou flown?  
And why was I left desolate  
So near a worldly throne?

The echo comes as once it came  
To me, when shone the star  
Of all my future hopefulness  
So brilliant from afar.

The muse that brought me comfort once,  
In brighter, fairer days,  
Has turned her children from the Gate  
To drift o'er varied ways.

The books I loved now occupy  
"Depopulated marts,"  
While I display to transient friends  
A winning hand at hearts.

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



## BEHIND THE SCENES.



Ring up the curtain! let the play go on.  
Although one actor weary at his heart,  
Cares now no longer to take up his part  
In life's perplexing scene. The rosy dawn  
Is none the dimmer though one ray be gone.  
And so the tale will lose none of its art  
To charm the ear or cause the tear to start,  
With this one player from the stage with-  
drawn.

The farce is ended; lay the mask aside  
That has beguiled the midnight's passing jest;  
From all the mimicry, the made-up pride,  
The fond delusion, he now longs for rest:  
Joy years ago by gleaming foot-lights died.  
But this sad truth the world has never  
guessed.

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

KISS AND SAY, GOOD-BY.



KATE WARTHEN SEARCY.



Yes, I'm lonely! Life grew vain  
when  
Husband's train ran off the track.  
Blithe he joined his fellow train-  
men,  
Still in death they brought him  
back.  
O, my darling! How I've missed  
him  
Ever since that fateful day.  
But I'm so glad that I kissed him  
Just before he went away.



Wife, your husband! How you  
need him!  
Yet Death's summons may be  
near.  
Then don't slight him. Stop and  
heed him  
With a loving "Good-by, dear!"

Husband, when from home you're starting,  
Though no danger you descry,  
Off no meeting follows parting:  
Kiss your wife and say "Good-by!"  
Is she cross? Don't frown and hurry,  
But take time to kiss and say,  
"Now, be good, dear! Don't you worry!  
"Good-by!" as you go away.

It may change a cloud to sky-land,  
It may lessen future woe,  
If you'll both be brave and smile and  
Say "Good-by!" before you go!

### THE COLORED FIDDLER.



Tunes drippin', slippin', fum my lovin' fiddle-  
bow,  
An' toes tippin', trippin', on de ole punchin-  
flo';  
An' I tilt back my cheer like a lord or a  
king,  
Givin' my elbow kind o' zig-zag twist or  
swing,  
An' my ole fiddle grunts when I saw on de  
bass—  
An' sweat am drippin' down fum my ole cull-  
ud face.

Men dancin', prancin', like de flo' am all dar  
own,  
An' girls 'vancin', glancin', chucklin' in lowah  
tone;  
De cabin am roarin', fum rafter to de  
flo'.  
Wid soun' o' my fiddle an' trippin' o' de  
toe.  
My heart am runnin' ober wid noise 'bout de  
place,  
While sweat am drippin' down fum my ole  
cullud face.

Tunes drippin', slippin', fum my lovin' fiddle-  
bow.  
An' toes tippin', trippin', on de ole punchin-  
flo'.  
O Massa! none knows de way I feels when I  
play,  
Fo' my heart's full o' music—I'se younger  
to-day;  
My ole fiddle laughs when it's hugged in its  
place.  
It sees sweat am drippin' fum my ole cullud  
face.

—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.

## SUMMER.



Grant me the thought of Summer, when she  
keeps  
Her dear June vigil over nesting things  
And optimistic greenness—when she brings  
To darkling fernbanks in the forest deeps  
A boon of campion stars; or lurks and leaps  
In cloud and ray, and ripening essence  
flings  
On July fields; or, done with ministerings,  
Lies down beneath the windy trees and  
sleeps.

Eastward, in Eden, at the dawn of grace  
Her charm was chiefest. The unpracticed  
eyes  
Of Adam gathered his first thrill from her.  
The art that knows her not grows common-  
place.  
Mother of ethics, she—light of the wise  
And sweet companion, whom true hearts  
prefer.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.



## A MODEL HUSBAND.



A man who will work and from duty ne'er  
shirk.  
Though his joys decrease and cares double;  
Who will patiently wait when dinner is late.  
And not scold his wife for the trouble.  
Of religious mood, sober, thoughtful and  
good:  
All kinds of intoxicants scorning;  
Who will milk the cow, with unruffled brow,  
And kindle the fires in the morning.  
A gentleman quite; who will perish in flight  
If his country's safety requires it;  
Who will often in life give a dime to his wife  
Without asking why she desires it;  
Who of all modern lore has a wonderful store;  
Who charms with his wise conversation;  
With an intellect grand: who will readily  
stand  
As God's noblest work of creation!  
—KATE WARTHEM SEARCY.



#### DEATH'S TRIBUTE TO NAPOLEON.



Bold, reckless, heartless, solitary man!  
I sought thee often in the thickest fight—  
I've looked thee in the face to quell thy  
    might,  
But useless all! From thee, I turned to scan  
The battle-field where thickest conflict ran  
With maddest current, and my fatal blight  
On many a man whose soul had taken flight  
Up toward the zenith, where God's holy van  
Moves onward. Yea, I marked thee well.  
In Austrian Heights, in Rome, and Waterloo,  
And saw thee when thy high ambitions fell,  
O, modern Alexander! Rest in lieu  
Of thine hard labors, while the orphans tell  
Of faded hopes, of murder, and of you!

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.



#### THE OTHER LIFE.



The hope of future life was never learned  
From any scroll or tome; before the time  
Expression used the art of prose or rhyme,  
The heart amid its lost possessions yearned  
For life beyond the grave. Love weeping  
    turned  
And hoped that in some distant, sunny  
    clime  
Its mate survived, far from the surge sub-  
    lime  
Of death's long billow; where no rose inurned  
In autumn's sepulcher, at twilight brings  
The breeze to mourn its fragrant life's short  
    lease;  
Where skies are bright, and harps with  
    golden strings  
Vibrate to tuneful songs that never cease;  
Where heedless of the past, the sad soul  
    sings  
Forever in the shining fields of peace!

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

### SONG OF NIGHT.



The heavenly lamps of midnight.  
Shine through the mellow haze,  
And Dian's crescent torch of light,  
Drops down its golden rays.

The nectar cups with star-lit rims,  
Tilt by an unseen hand—  
The sparkling dew falls from their brims,  
Upon the sleeping land.

The wind's low sob and mournful wail.  
The lamps of night shine on,  
I see the morning!—Hail! O. Hail!  
The coming, golden dawn!

—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



### THE SPRING POET.



Still hies the vernal poet forth  
To hear the flush streams flowing,  
And feel the softening of the North  
And see the new grass growing.

And any latent germ of song  
Which in his heart he nurses,  
Takes up the spring hope, sweet and strong  
And blossoms into verses.

What though his tone be sometimes crass.  
His feet inclined to stumble?  
He finds his muse a wholesome lass,  
And does not cant or grumble.

Through all the years he has remained,  
Despite the scoffing classes  
Of connoisseurs with powers strained,  
Phillistines, prigs and asses.

And when the final spring would bloom  
The poet and his poem,  
Upon the brim of time shall loom,  
Her harbinger and poem.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.

#### THE FADED DAY.



The faded day is on the wood.  
The stars shine out on high.  
And like a dream of solitude.  
The moon ascends the sky.

I gaze upon the ashen heap.  
Of dusk and close of day;  
A stillness lifts me as I sleep.  
And bears me far away.

In dreams where curtains pale the past.  
Sleep seals the lids of eyes;  
I tread the ways of distance vast.  
Then pass to azure skies.

A day of fading earthly ways.  
With unseen frame of breath.  
Is still a part of life-time days.  
And with it comes my death.

—HARVEY PORTER LAYTON.



#### ON FINDING A STONE AX.



True, our modern tools are finer:  
Notwithstanding, to my mind.  
The primeval ax-designer  
Was the greatest of his kind:

For, with precedent denied him.  
He devised this cleaving blade.  
And the niggard past supplied him  
Only with a scrap of jade.

Then he smote, and chipped, and cluttered.  
All the stone floor of his den.  
And the sparks that spat and sputtered  
Lighted up the years of men.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.

A ROSE AND A CURL.



One eventide, as fainter grew each sound,  
Before the moon was up or lamps were lit—  
The time when dusky bats begin to flit,  
And fire-flies sputter in the marshy ground—  
I opened Byron's poems, and I found  
A turned-down leaf, and hidden under it  
A rose that long had faded, and a bit  
Of golden tress a hand had woven round.  
And then I thought of her who years ago  
Had placed the book upon her knees, and bent  
Above its tender pathos; buds may blow,  
And curls may dance in sunny blandishment  
But such as these that suit my fancy so  
I see no more along the way she went.

—ALONZO LEORA RICE.



ADUMBRANT.



O, that the morn would linger, that its loves  
might live!  
Now every full blown flower  
Has found at once its glory and its doom.  
Day waxes great, and fails.  
Sweet odors came  
From altars newly lighted by the dawn—  
Born of the flame and dying in the heat....  
Another morning shall efface this woe  
With newer light...  
But ever in the heart  
The past grows bold by cumulative years—  
The incense is dispelled—  
The fire abides unquenched, and grows  
To unforgetfulness.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.

## THE BROKEN SHIELD.



I stand by the casket that holds her  
In mute, un pitying embrace.  
(The hands are restfully folded;  
A smile on the pale, dead face.)

The one playmate of my childhood,  
Companion of older years;  
My constant friend when we parted,  
Adown the Vale of Tears.

She went a bride from the village;  
A happier ne'er was won.  
She laughed, "Dick will fight my battles,  
You will fight yours alone!"

Alas, when the storm-wind sunders  
The rose petals from the bloom!  
Alas, when the noon-sun deadens  
The violets' glad perfume!

Fewer high hopes had been cherished  
Could she but then have known!  
Can he another's foes vanquish,  
Who can not conquer his own?

Nobly he may have struggled—  
What matters it in the end?  
The siege closed with a treaty  
That made him the enemy's friend.

Who then was his wife's strong champion?  
Who was her greatest foe?  
When husbands pierce hearts with the wine-  
glass,  
Who stanches the life-blood's flow?

We believe that the world's deep death-  
scars  
God's healing touch can erase.  
(The hands are peacefully folded;  
A smile on the dear, dead face!)

—KATE WARTHEN SEARCY.

## SOUVENIR DE COEUR.



One day, long dead, these violets  
Lay in my love's dark hair,  
And their odor in the quiet room  
Suited her beauty rare.

And now.  
Though all the world divide us, yet the  
scent  
Of dying violets brings to me  
A sense of desolation and regret—  
The Dead Sea Fruit of memory.

Why was it, love, we parted thus?  
Chance wafted you away  
Like thistle-down on summer air,  
And Duty bade me stay.

Ah well—  
We can not know the future, and perchance  
Our lives are better so;  
But these dead violets awake  
Love's haunting afterglow.  
—BESSIE JOHNSON-BELLMAN.



## MID-AUTUMN.



The glad sun points again, with gentle rays,  
To westward sloping pastures, strewn with  
flocks.

Where meet the waters from their highland  
ways  
And go together down between the rocks—

Beyond the meadow's width of even sod  
Where yonder yeasty sea of thorough wort  
Breaks on its tawney beach of goldenrod  
In graceful groups the willow trees resort.

Hung here and there upon the forest wall  
Are arabesques of vine in gold and brown.  
And from the walnut gables, steep and tall,  
Gray mullioned windows, newly wrought,  
look down.

Bright are the hues October's hand has laid  
Upon the woodland with a brush of air.  
The red-bird dreams amid the maple shade  
And is not redder than his leafy lair.

—JETHRO C. CULMER.



### AUTUMN SONG.



The dull and gloomy days are come,  
And yellow leaves are falling fast—  
The nights are frosty—summer's done!  
The sky is smoky, and the sun  
Shines dimly from the sky so vast.  
The pheasants now begin to drum  
Within the grove;  
And far away, I hear the hum  
Of locomotive on the rail;  
And farther yet, the gentle call  
Of lonesome quail—  
And gently, gently, sweet notes fall  
Of spoken love.

The days are shorter than of yore,  
The horned-owls toot their doleful lay  
From shady wood and far beyond.  
The frog is silent in the pond.  
The squirrels long have ceased their play,  
And wisely do they hide their store  
Of fallen nuts.  
The bonnets that the milkweeds wore,  
Have been borne off among the trees,  
And now are resting here and there,  
Safe from the breeze.  
The beavers silently repair  
Their tumbled huts.

The noisy jay sends its lament  
To wooded hill-tops where the day  
Is first discerned—and on the mead,  
The melancholy turkeys feed  
Upon the locusts, and at play.  
The children of the settlement  
Send their halloo  
Across the land where summer went;  
While here and there, the lowing herd  
Browse on the hill-tops where the grass  
Is still unstirred—  
The doves coo dolefully, alas!  
'Tis their adieu.

—WILLIS WILFRED FOWLER.

811.08

T83

## PORT O' POETS

In this issue:

Marybelle McCurdy  
 Harriett Scott Olinick  
 Clyde R. Protsman  
 Anna Vernon  
 Renos H. Richards  
 Daniel Francis Clancy  
 Ben Stevenson  
 Alonzo Rice  
 Ken Hughes  
 Mary Hagler LeMasters  
 Ellen Betty Brink  
 Laverne Brown Price  
 Virginia Vae Kidwell  
 Alice Fernald Emerson  
 Ruth Shelton  
 Margaret E. Bruner  
 Hazel I. Dannecker  
 E. A. Richardson (Big Rich)  
 Mary Larkin-Cook  
 Opal McGuire  
 Elizabeth Newell  
 Barton Rees Pogue  
 Max Ehrmann  
 Smiley W. Irwin  
 Amy Vance Weeks  
 Hazel McGee Bowman  
 Dorothy Dowler  
 Ruth LaShorne Bundy  
 Mrs. E. H. Katterhenry  
 Mabel Newman  
 Loren Phillips  
 Patricia Banner  
 Marietta Moser  
 Edith Lombard Squires  
 Marjory Titus Greene  
 Rose Myra Phillips  
 Christine Grant Curless  
 Charles Franklin Harrison  
 Franchen Hauser Williams  
 Polly Lois Norton  
 Ruth Williams Bright  
 Winona Montgomery Gilliland

HOOSIER NUMBER

Emeline Fairbanks Mem. Library

January-February

1 9 3 8

## PORT O' POETS

W. Guy Pickens, Pub.  
612 E. Walnut St.  
Greencastle, Ind.

E. B. Heiney, Editor  
R. R. 1, Box 159  
Indianapolis, Ind.

---

Published bi-monthly. Subscription, \$1.25 yearly; single copy 25 cents. W. Guy Pickens, Publisher, 612 East Walnut Street, Greencastle, Ind. E. B. Heiney, Editor, R. R. No. 1, Box 159, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Manuscripts and all editorial correspondence should be sent to the editor. Every manuscript received will be read with the hope that it will prove available for use. Although no responsibility can be assumed for anything submitted, every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts if accompanied by return postage. At present Port O' Poets is unable to pay for manuscripts. Although there is no restrictions as to form or length of poems, our present need is short lyrics not exceeding fourteen lines.

---

### PRIZES

Henry Harrison, Poetry Publisher, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York, will award the following for best poems in this number: "SELECTED POEMS" by Benjamin Musser; "MYSELF LIMITED" by Henry Harrison; "SHELTER OF SONG" by Elizabeth Voss.

The PORT O' POETS' prizes for best poems in the November-December were awarded as follows: First prize, one year's subscription to PORT O' POETS, to Strickland Gillilan for "Understanding". Second prize, 100 cards printed, to Rita Field Greene for "Trail Signs". Third prize, six months' subscription to PORT O' POETS, to Clyde R. Protsman for "Sacrifice".

Olive Scott Stainsby, Box 363, Anaheim, California, continues her offer of a copy of "VERSE FORMS" for her choice of poems in this number.

TINY MAGAZINE (Unk Ebenezer, 4446 Clifton Ave., Chicago) continues his offer of prizes for poems re-printed from PORT O' POETS.

PORT O' POETS will award three one-year subscriptions for the editor's choice of poems in this number.

A check ( ) here indicates that your subscription expires with this number.

## PORT O' POETS

PAMPHLET FILE

JANUARY—FEBRUARY 1938

## A COUNTRY ROAD

In vagrant mood it wanders over  
The drowsing hills, by fields of clover,  
Uncertain where its course may tend,  
Or when its journeying may end.

You saw the wood-vine that is growing  
At the road's turn. Now it is glowing—  
A crimson sentinel to stand  
And herald autumn to the land.

A wind goes by, the light leaves follow  
And hurry down from hill to hollow,  
While, in the wide wind of the sky,  
Fleet flocks of swallows southward fly.

Oh, feet are light and heart has laughter  
For what the world may hold hereafter—  
The road leads far from toil and care  
To open lea, and sky, and air.

Renos H. Richards

## THE WATCH UPON THE SHORE

The tireless waves beat and pound.  
Incessantly the wind blows.  
I have lain here upon the wide blanket of grass and ferns,  
Under the rays of the insistent sun.

Slowly into the Amber West, the red ball drops.  
Around the head-land, into the shadows,  
Sails the last ship home.

Anna Vernon

**GRIEF AT PARTING**

These tears are not for you.  
I do not care at all that you should go;  
I can say that, who once did love you so,  
Nor dreamed your love untrue.

Your going gives no pain.  
I even wish for you, in far off days  
A new love that will lead you happier ways,  
And bring you joy again.

I do not weep for you.  
But may I not, remembering golden years,  
Anoint my dead Love's casket with my tears?  
And cover it with rue?

Mabel Newman

---

**ILLCIT**

Dawn came a-stealing  
Grey as the mist;  
In penitence kneeling  
For her illicit tryst:  
Skies lowered, weeping  
For virginal Dawn,  
Torn from its keeping  
With chastity gone.  
Grey Dawn grew pregnant  
With promise that soon  
She would be bearing  
A Beam from the Moon;  
A Sun-beam came borning—  
To cover her plight  
Dawn hushed her to sleep  
In the cradle of Night.

Mr. E. H. Katterhenry



**THE LARGER PLAN**

A gorgeous dawn may bring a dismal day,  
The brilliant colors fading with the morn;  
Dark clouds beneath the rim unseen, unborn,  
Sometimes the fairest promises betray.  
And, too, the dawn-child of a rain drenched night  
Abruptly may forget its groundless fears,  
And laughingly through yet its undried tears  
Assuage the sodden earth with golden light.

Our deepest sorrows but accentuate  
The joys we knew before—or yet to be;  
The winter may seem long, eternity,  
But May we know will come to compensate.  
Though sorrows seem to crush the very soul,  
We never should forget the wondrous whole.

Ben Stevenson

---

**ONE MOMENT**

My sweet,  
Let us clasp hands  
And for just one moment  
Each think in our own mind,  
Repelling thoughts of all others,  
"I am yours—you are mine."

And then,  
All through my life  
I shall be able to look back  
And think—  
For One Moment  
She was mine.

Daniel Francis Clancy



**THE FLORIST SHOP**

The florist shop on wintry days  
Breathes hope of spring in its displays;  
Bright roses bloom in colors rare,  
And winnow out each petty care  
From hearts who pass the cold byways.  
Farewell to winter's dullish grays!  
The florist window is ablaze  
And every passer-by may share  
The florist shop.  
I stand outside the shop, and gaze  
At varied blossoms which amaze  
And lift my soul. Quite unaware  
Of time or space, I linger there.  
It fills my heart with roundelays—  
The florist shop.

Amy Vance Weeks

---

**CIRCUMSTANCES**

The veil of fate  
Seems but the thinnest web at first—  
A fragile and transparent dome  
That any wish could burst.

But how it grows!  
An octopus with closing arms,  
Restraining us within its grasp  
By its hypnotic charms

Until, at last,  
We swoon and sleep, choked by its breath.  
And our hopes, loves, ambitions dear  
Lie broken, strewn in death!

Smiley W. Irwin

## NEMESIS

His Soul lives in a room devoid of light,  
The curtains hanging low, the shutters tight,  
Lest Memory should enter in the night,  
Bringing regret for lost ideals.

Lest in the midnight he should wake to hear  
Voices from out the past, now strangely near,  
Accusing Voices crying faint, yet clear:  
"We are the Ghosts of dead Ideals.

"Once in your youth we dwelt within your heart,  
Sharing its love, its pleasures, and its art;  
Then you grew scornful and bade us depart  
Out in the night—your old Ideals.

"Out in the night where bitter winds swept by,  
To wander and to starve—at last to lie  
Beneath the snows that fell from winter sky,  
Friends of your youth—the old Ideals.

"Strong in your might, all heedless of our plea,  
Tired of your guests, and longing to be free;  
No more shall we return, but you shall be  
HAUNTED BY GHOSTS OF DEAD IDEALS."

Clyde R. Protsman

## THESE QUIET YEARS

I have known enough of pain,  
Give me the splintering break of bells.  
Back to the earth to live again,  
Away from the deep, silent wells.

Ken Hughes

**SNOW-FALL**

The rain is turning to snow;  
The wind to the north is veering;  
Over the lonely clearing  
Faster the white flakes whirl and blow.

And the fluttering wild birds know  
They face what they have been fearing;  
The rain is turning to snow;  
The wind to the north is veering.

For there on a branch, in a row,  
Into my window peering,  
They hungrily call for cheering,  
For crumbs which the kind hands throw,  
"The rain is turning to snow!"

Winona Montgomery Gilliland

---

**MY PRAYER**

Help me to give what's needed most,  
A word, a prayer, a courage high;  
I would not shrink from humble post,  
Without applause, nor fret nor sigh;  
In my small way, oh let me be  
A kindly messenger for Thee!

Help me to follow all the way,  
Thy pierced feet, where'er they lead;  
I would not fear the closing day,  
With only Thy cross my simple creed;  
In my small way, oh let me be  
A living sacrifice for Thee!

Ruth Williams Bright

---

**WEST WIND'S WOOING**

The cool west wind  
Stole through the trees,  
While rustling leaves  
Sung melodies.

A shadow danced  
On the ground below,  
In perfect rhythm  
To and fro.

Back and forth  
Between the trees,  
The shadow kept step  
With the vagrant breeze.

They part at last  
As was destined to be,  
For the jolly west wind  
Must always be free.

Marybelle McCurdy

---

**QUERY**

If from some secret corner of my mind  
That does not love or hate but only thinks  
I should some day be brave enough to find  
From gazing on your naked face the links

That hold us fused as one, would I see there  
The lovely truth of you I've held for years,  
Or would you be a stranger that I dare  
To call my own through bitter, frightened tears?

Harriett Scott Olinick

## JUSTICE

Who really knows what actuates a word . . . .  
A thought . . . an act . . . or something wrong we do?  
Who has a right to let himself be heard  
In condemnation, lest he be wrong too?

Who knows the kindling force of errant ways  
Of other men, sufficiently to shun  
Someone he knows, or publicly debase  
Him for apparent wrongs he may have done?

Who praises men in voice one half so loud  
As he defames? How sorely this world needs  
The sort of men who really make men proud  
With words of commendation for their deeds! . . .

The sort of men who never will impute  
Unless they know that they are justified,  
And who will use their efforts to refute  
The sins applied to one unjustly tried!

Christine Grant Curless

---

— 0 —

TRIOLET

Age affords no recompense  
For a childhood that has flown.  
Childhood's crystal innocence,  
Boundless faith and confidence  
Crowns its days with opulence  
Adult years have never known.  
Age affords no recompense  
For a childhood that has flown.

Charles Franklin Harrison



## IN INDIANA

O, the sunshine's brighter gold in Indiana,  
And the flowers more perfume hold in Indiana;  
The bird's song sounds more sweet;  
The hours have wing-ed feet;  
But life seems more complete  
In Indiana.

Springtimes are greener,  
Clean folks are cleaner,  
(Mean folks are meaner)  
In Indiana.

Fish are better biters,  
Soldiers better fighters;  
Poets better writers  
In Indiana.

O, the moon's a bigger moon in Indiana;  
And every month is JUNE in Indiana;  
For the whole wide world's in tune, in Indiana.

Enemies are fewer,  
True hearts beat truer,  
Friendships endure, in Indiana.

And were I called away  
To the realm of endless day,  
I think I'd rather stay—  
In INDIANA.

Alice Fernald Emerson

## SELFISHNESS

Around you the rope  
Is a circle growing small . . . .  
Why do your hands  
Never rest until it binds you?

Ken Hughes



**A RAINY DAY**

The little tea kettle;  
It bubbles and boils  
And merrily hums its refrain.  
Content with its duty  
It cheerily toils  
While outside the patter of rain  
Falls down on the roof  
And the clouds move in grey  
Precision, decision . . . .  
A dark rainy day.  
But I can't be lonely  
I sit down to tea  
And we hum together  
My Kettle and Me.

Patricia Banner

---

**LIVES AND FLOWERS**

Fairest blossoms, bruised and beaten  
By the passing storm,  
Raise their petals, air to sweeten  
In the trailing morn.

Precious lives, sore drenched in sorrow,  
Gather strength anew  
For a full and bright tomorrow  
From a love they knew.

Precious lives and fairest flowers  
Much in common lies;  
Rain brings more of growth and beauty;  
Sorrow purifies.

Marietta Moser

## THE ATTIC

She came to me, a bride with laughing eyes  
And face aglow with joy and love of life.  
And he was tall and strong, her man—  
I liked the way he called her "little wife".

He wove strong ropes between my rugged ribs  
And there, when winter swept the country o'er,  
She hung the wash, with wifely care to see  
His long man-garments did not touch my floor.

And then I missed her. When she came again  
Her face was thin, but in her eyes a light  
Shown warm and soft. She hung upon my lines  
Small lacey frocks, strange squares of snowy white.

Today there's silver in her dark brown hair,  
She takes my steps so slowly! With a sigh  
She leaned her head against my sturdy rib—  
"We're growing old together, you and I".

Laverne Brown Price

## PASS MY HEART

Life, help me to a generous part  
Of love, I'm tired of sitting by  
Unserved; if he can fill his heart  
With second best then so can I.

I'm starved for love, yet well I know  
No substitute will end my quest.  
Pass back my heart, I'll wait, for, oh,  
I still should starve on second best.

Virginia Vae Kidwell

**ALONE**

Across the hooded valley  
The plaintive whippoorwill  
Sends forth his wistful message—  
Yet he is lonely still.

Upon the crag, an eagle  
Seems part of sky and stone,  
And there keeps moveless vigil,  
To meet the dark, alone.

Against my window tapping,—  
A twig against the pane,—  
And O my heart, that echoes  
The sombre drums of rain!

Hazel McGee Bowman

---

**LOVE LYRIC**

Young love is such a vibrant thing,  
Like bursting flame and fire;  
Youthful hands that hold and cling  
In melting, mad desire.

Mature love is a steady gleam  
Like candle's sheltered glow;  
Oh, love at any age or time  
Is sweetest joy to know!

Dorothy Downer

## MESSAGE OF THE VIOLET

Of all the wild flowers known to mankind,  
None so loved, so dainty, so small in size;  
None quite so fondly cherished shall we find;  
None whose beauty is more pleasing to eyes  
Than the violet, which lives near the ground—  
Hiding itself away, with drooping head,  
Where the green grass and other plants abound—  
Growing and blooming in its shady bed.

Sweet little violet, shy and demure—  
Living and serving, from day unto day,  
With life so simple, so humble and pure—  
A lesson you bring, in your modest way,  
A message of peace and tranquility  
That I, too, may live in humility.

Mary Hagler LeMasters

---

VOW

I will not be a part of quiet dust  
Beneath a silent stone—some windswept day,  
I will shake off the moss, the clinging rust,  
And like a seedling, burst through stubborn clay.

I will join hands with every wind who dares  
To flail a tree, or fling a stinging rain.  
I will not cringe at scarlet lightning flares,  
Or quail when thunder splits the clouds in twain.

I will await the time when wild winds die,  
And I will seek the place where dreams are laid;  
Then sleep, a shadow on a starless sky,  
Forever free from earth, and unafraid.

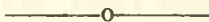
Ellen Betty Brink

## LIFE'S TOYS

On rainy days the yearning comes,  
 For the lost and broken things.  
 The shattered hearts and firesides,  
 The broken crumpled wings,  
 Of hopes that sought expression;  
 Of birds that meant to try  
 Their shining wings at evening,  
 Against a cloud-blown sky.

For life is full of broken things  
 A faith, a heart, a home.  
 A lovely pigeon's trailing wings,  
 A little pictured gnome.  
 Some broken bottles and a jar,  
 Oh Life, how strangely things you mar!  
 A broken dream, a broken bowl,  
 And only God can make them whole.

Ruth LaShorne Bundy



## REGRET

A WARBLING bird came begging me  
 To go and play beside his sea;  
 But being blue somehow that day,  
 I flatly balked . . . and he winged away.  
 Within my heart I felt a pain,  
 Until today . . . now I'm me again.  
 My blues have gone—my heart is gay—  
 O, Little Bird, come back today!

\* \* \* \* \*

My mind reverts to that gray morn,  
 When birdie found my soul forlorn.  
 But birdie's flown with Time away—  
 If he could come, I'd go and play!

Ken Barrie

## THE SONG UNSUNG

There is a song remains unsung,  
And poets oft have tried  
To sing it, since the world was young,  
And always been denied.  
The melody would charm the ear,  
The words such rapture bring,  
The roving winds would pause to hear,  
And birds forget to sing!

And who will sing that magic song?  
Whose hand attune the strings,  
To cause the fairies round to throng  
In mazy, moonlit rings?  
It often comes in twilight dreams,  
But falters on the tongue;  
The sweetest of all songs, it seems,  
Must still remain unsung!

This lyric lies "beyond all art  
Of any sweetest word";  
It cheers the still-expectant heart,  
But with a hope deferred.  
It charms for just a moment's space,  
With visions of delight;  
Its fairy outlines who can trace,  
Or stay its starry flight!

Alonzo Rice

## PEACH BLOSSOMS

Cool are the apricot petals  
Upon the face.  
Moonlight mocks the black veil  
Which night brings  
To lay heavy upon the heart.  
But the wings of happiness open,  
You move above the world!

Ken Hughes



**WINTER INVITATION**

Now come, sit down and rest a while;  
Let's close the door and talk.  
The firelight wears a welcoming smile  
And here is peace, a golden isle,  
Where hearts may wander many a mile;  
When spring calls, we can walk.  
Now come, sit down and rest a while,  
Let's close the door and talk.

Edith Lombard Squires

---

**TO A PHYSICIAN**

Now when another season's yield is in;  
And slowly winter's anesthetic chill  
Brings sleep to earth's exhausted native host;  
Now when the whining screeching storms begin,  
And snow descending softly makes them still;  
All pain of flesh and soul too yield the ghost.  
And we within whose breasts the bitter blight  
Of circumstance once wrought too fearfully,  
Write lines like this to proffer prayerfully  
Our humble thanks for healing and for light.

Marjory Titus Greene

### A BIT OF SPICE

We need a bit of spice in food  
By way of a suggestion  
To give it flavor, tang and zest  
As first aid to digestion.  
For lack of that leaves something gone  
That is of vital need,  
But just enough and not too much  
Or it is spoiled indeed.

But spice alone does not suffice  
And has but little grace.  
It goes against the grain with us  
And is quite out of place;  
So give us just a bit of it  
To appetite appease,  
Then everybody's happy—so—  
Pass the pickles, please!

Mary Larkin-Cook

---

### MY COLLIE LINGERS

Fond of me, true to me,  
Never defying,  
Whether I'm kind or cross  
Never replying.  
But with adoring eyes,  
Tenderly ever—  
Begging me not to leave  
Or friendship sever,  
Wagging her curly tail  
Kissing my fingers,  
Close to the side of me  
My Collie lingers.

Opal McGuire

**SWAN SONG**

My heart which once soared to the sun  
Arrow-struck, has doffed its wings,  
And like a wounded swan, undone,  
To voice its anguish, one song sings.  
My heart which once leaped to the sky  
And laced blue space with silver flight,  
Has plummeted to earth to die  
Beneath the purple weight of night.  
It was no poisoned dart that slew,  
No hate, no anger's swift defense,  
But eyes of deep obsidian blue  
Whose weapon was indifference.

Polly Lois Norton

---

**ENTREATY**

Day, be not too quick to bar  
Evening's greying shutters. Let  
Twilight linger near the rose,  
Leave in view the mignonette.

Maybe there will be enough  
Light that I can still discern  
Paths which lead to things untried,  
Lessons that my heart should learn.

Love and hope are each so vast,  
Brief the span of life to know  
Attributes of loveliness.  
Day, be not too quick to go.

Rose Myra Phillips

## HOOSIER HOMECOMING

Seems kindo' homey just us Hoosier folks  
'Round Port O' Poet's hearthfire crackin' jokes,  
Talkin' of trivial things and big ones, too,  
"Givin' the devil", as we say, "his due."  
Maybe we find fault with some favored son,  
Or peint with pride to some uprisin' one,  
Banter and fend and learn to take and give,  
Hoot at pretense and laugh and love and live.  
Housewife and editor link arm in arm  
With dude from town and clodhopper from farm—  
No one too big, too small, too young, too old,  
No one too timid and no one too bold.  
So lift our glasses, clink them merrily . . .  
To Heiney's Hoosier hospitality,  
To Port O' Poets, may her life be long,  
To Hoosier singers and to Hoosier song.

Ruth Shelton

## THE QUILT

I like the quilt I pieced so long ago,  
With scraps saved from the garments that I made—  
I think of winter evenings when we stayed  
At home when you were ill, and I would sew  
After the tasks of day; then row by row  
I joined the blocks, and now I see portrayed  
A hallowed, dream-like picture, yet we paid  
For it in pain—time gave the healing glow.

And yet to others it could never mean  
More than a quilt of scraps, but as I view  
It in a quiet, retrospective way,  
It brings before me many a vanished scene—  
The early struggles when our lives were new,  
A story without words, of yesterday.

Margaret E. Bruner

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

Although PORT O' POETS does not undertake to review books, selections from books of poems received will be printed, without comment, as space is available.

## VERSES

The artistry that makes the earth so fair a sight,  
The moon with borrowed gold, and many a caravan  
Of suns meandering along the lanes of night—  
All murmur mystical assurances for man.

A just apportionment of toil's reward should bring  
To man the gift of leisure and the tender dream,  
The upward look that inward prompts the stars to sing  
The wonder of this cosmic thought-pervaded scheme.

To subtle, syllogistic quibbles give no heed—  
The thisness and the thatness of salvation's plan.  
But write across your consciousness the sacred creed:  
Man's love of God is measured by his love of man.

How wonderful is man, how mystic human lives,  
Exalted dust that knows the thrill of consciousness!  
Of all our thoughts and deeds perhaps but that survives  
Which lifts mankind above its inborn selfishness.

Of metaphysic certitude make no pretense;  
But, silent and in awe, gaze on the cosmic sight,  
Ennobled by humility and reverence,  
As science pushes back the curtains of the night.

Max Ehrmann

—From "DePauw University Centennial Ode".



## PASSION'S JEWELS

There are swift, splendid hours we can't forget,  
When Life is centered to a point so fine  
And still so dazzling we cannot define  
Its meaning nor its mystery—moments set  
Like cameos in brilliant silhouette,  
Which we can hidden wear and say, "They're mine!  
And you and I alone wrought the design!"

These are the treasured jewels of passion's net.—

We sat and watched the moon's young sickle veiled  
With a faint cloud of pink, my hand tight crushed  
In his strong, virile clasp.

"Sit still, sweetheart!"

He murmured, "See! the rose-mist cloud has trailed  
And twined around the moon. All Nature's hushed  
That we may love in silence ere we part."

Esther Griffin White

—From "The Little Paper".

## ORGAN

Restless and untamed  
In its mighty power,  
A sound lies dormant  
In the unsounded depths.

At the master's touch  
The magic voice soars  
From deep golden throats  
In changing moods:  
Sweet and tender as a lover,  
Daring and bold as a warrior,  
Light as the tinted wings of a butterfly,  
Rolling and swelling as unleashed waters.

It sounds a clear chime of the present  
And the drum beat of eternity.

Helen M. Saltros

—From "Let Us Sing".



## VALUES

One cheerless day, when on my roof  
 The raindrops swirled and spattered,  
 I sat me down to rid my desk  
 Of odds and ends I'd scattered.

I threw away, with other things,  
 A letter, old and tattered;  
 And then, too late, I knew it was  
 The only thing that mattered.

\* \* \* \* \*

In checking o'er, when life is done,  
 The things I've saved—and scattered—  
 Ah, shall I find I've thrown away  
 The only thing that mattered?

Elizabeth Newell

—From "Through the Years".

---

## THE SEEKER

The curves of the river,  
 The turn of the road,  
 The arch in the blue of the sky  
 By God, their giver,  
 Were granted to goad  
 And lure man's foot and eye.

There are curves in being,  
 Sharp turns in thought,  
 An arch in the things men do—  
 To know and be seeing  
 I turned and sought  
 What bigotry calls untrue.

Barton Rees Pogue

—From "The Lifter of Laughter".

**AVON:** a quarterly of verse devoted mainly to the humorous strain. Review and comment. \$1.00 yearly, sample copies, 25c. David Raymond Innes, 2366 East Grand Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

---

**THE NOTEBOOK.** Now in its fourth consecutive year. The pocket sized compendium of the literary world. Fifty or more poets published in each issue. No free sample copies. Send 15c for one, not the current issue. Regular price 25c a copy. \$1.25 a year, issued bi-monthly. Flozari Rockwood, Publisher, Box 5804, Cleveland, Ohio.

---

**SKYLINES.** A magazine to please the eye and the intellect. PROSE, VERSE, ART. The copy, fifteen cents. Subscription \$1.00. Edgar H. Ryniker, Editor. 480 East Thirty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

**VESPER.** A magazine of Beautiful Poetry. **INTERNATIONAL POETRY SHRINE.** Henry Picola, Director. 966 E. 25th St., Paterson, N. J. A building replete with autographed photographs, poems, books, and paintings of poets from all parts of the world. Large and growing library of books and magazines. Rare relics of poets, American and abroad. Send your contributions today. There is no charge.

---

*Emeline Fairbanks Mem. Library*

# IT'S INDIANA

Where springs are sweetest and autumns gayest . . . Small towns with Indian names . . . The Wabash sparkling white under a summer moon . . . Green fields of slowly waving corn . . . Autumns full of the smell of burning leaves and hushed harvest fields stretching away into a saffron setting sun . . . Bittersweet and basketball, paw-paws and pumpkins . . . Country church crowds on sunlit Sunday mornings, courthouses with worn-down front steps, and trotting races at the county fairs . . . Land of Lincoln-like lawyers . . . Brown county and Turkey Run . . . State that remembers canals and covered bridges, Thomas R. Marshall, Albert J. Beveridge, Benjamin and William Henry Harrison . . . Where everyone is said to be a politician . . . Literary land of poets and writers, James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Theodore Dreiser, Meredith Nicholson, and Abe Martin . . . Where many women spend a lifetime driving country roads to bring books in a traveling library to farm boys . . . Land haunted by redmen whose canoes still seem to drift down blue-green curving rivers . . . Land of the Speedway, sycamores and friendly conversational folk. . . "On the Banks of the Wabash." Hoosierdom and home.

Daniel Francis Clancy



# Without Prejudice

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

+

## The Divine Afflatus

I wonder why so many more persons are seized with an ambition to write verse than are moved to express themselves in prose. I do not object to this, for I think it desirable for all who feel the urge to poetize to look upon this indulgence as one of the additional new freedoms. There's no telling how early some of the great poets began their experiments but Alexander Pope wrote that he "lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came."

In my cogitations a sound piece of prose is just as admirable as a poem, unless the verse be a product of outstanding merit. But there's a fascination in versification where the tyro has mastered the rules of the art and makes the rhymes click. Nothing is as unfortunate as a false rhyme. A great deal of amateur verse is of a melancholy tone. Possibly the same sorrow could not be expressed so frankly in prose; perhaps it would be more difficult to conceal the writer's personal sense of loss in prose.

### Early Indiana Poets.

It may be said that it makes no difference now who were the earliest Hoosier poets but there was a considerable choir abroad about the time Riley came in from Greenfield, bringing with him the beginnings of his national fame. A few of these were Richard Lew Dawson, Minnetta T. Taylor, Fanny Driscoll and H. C. Fellow. And in Crawfordsville lived Mary Hannah Krout, whose "Little Brown Hands" used to be in many school readers and may still be in comprehensive anthologies. Miss Krout became well known as a journalist, circled the world for one of the Chicago papers and rather surprisingly developed an aptitude for political writing and covered many major conventions for various papers.

### The Weekly Herald.

Only citizens with long memories could recall a time in the '80s when Indianapolis was served by the Saturday Herald, a weekly paper of excellent quality. It was started by A. H. Dooley and in time was edited by George C. Harding, a writer of great pungency and a paragrapher without an equal in these parts. His associate on the Herald at one time was Gertrude Garrison who later went to New York and was connected with one of the early newspaper syndicates.

The Herald passed through many hands, and it and the Review, a weekly of the same general character, conducted by Charles Dennis, ceased to be with the development of Sunday editions of the dailies.

### Market Street Literati.

As a young person I was much impressed by the literary figures to be seen in fair days on the north side of Market street, east of the Circle. The Herald and Review had offices along there and continuing to Pennsylvania street there was the office of the Journal, later merged in The Star.

The learned and accommodating archaeologists at the public library produced for my edification the other day files of the Herald and also the poems of Benjamin D. House, a volume I had believed lost to sight if not to memory dear.

House was of Vermont stock but was born at sea, November, 1844. He died in Indianapolis July 4, 1887. He served in a New England cavalry regiment in the Civil War, was several times wounded and was mustered out here where he had been assigned to some clerical work connected with the dispersion of the army.

He held various positions on Indianapolis newspapers, and went to St. Louis with a group of our citizens who bought the Globe, later combined with the Democrat. Returning here House was employed in the United States pension agency during the chieftancy of Gen. Fred Knefler. He served six terms as adjutant general of the Indiana G.A.R.

He was an impressive figure as I noted him in his big hat and flowing cloak on Market street, and later, as I saw him constantly on my reportorial calls at the G.A.R. offices, he became the recipient of my warmest admiration and affection.

His verse was uneven but some of his poems on martial subjects and his interpretations of nature were of a high order.

It will be remembered that at Appomattox a white flag sent by Lee to Grant brought an end to hostilities.

This was happily House's inspiration when he wrote his sonnet, Appomattox, on the death of Grant. I produce here only the sextet:

—Oh, nation's chief, thine eyes have seen again,

A whiter flag came forth to summon thee.

—Than that pale scarf which gleamed above war's stain,

To parley o'er the end of its red reign,

The truce of God that sets from battle free

—Thy dauntless soul and thy worn heart from pain.

House's poems were printed privately by a group of friends, headed by Col. Eli Lilly. The volume contains a striking portrait of the soldier-poet.

He is not a negligible figure in the roster of writers who kept the fire burning on the altars of creative literature a little before the Indiana literary boom began.

### OCTOBER IN INDIANA

*Nothing quite so dear to me,  
Nothing quite so Heavenly,  
Nothing nearer to the heart of  
God.*

*Nothing holier one's feet have  
trod  
Than October in Indiana.*

*Nothing fairer than her skies of  
blue,  
Nothing prettier than her autumn  
hue,  
Nothing softer than the evening  
glow,  
Nothing sweeter in the days I  
know  
Than October in Indiana.*

*Nothing calmer than the autumn  
night,  
Nothing clearer than the stars so  
bright,  
Nothing more telling of the love  
of Him.  
Nothing so soothing and healing  
within  
As October in Indiana.*

*Nothing with it can now compare,  
Nothing earthly anywhere.  
Only Heaven with its streets of  
gold,  
Heavenly harmonies—joys untold  
Are like October in Indiana.*

*By the Rev. George S. Henninger  
Published with the  
Compliments of the author.  
(This poetic tribute was also  
printed in the Congressional  
Record.)*

# VERSE

[No competition  
only those poems  
addressed return e  
sions must be sub

## INDIANA.

(This poem won first prize in the National Poetry week contest conducted by the Indiana Poetry Center.—Editor's note.)

Indiana, in your southern borders  
Where the broad Ohio flows,  
In your deep woods and shadowy clearings  
The boy Lincoln toiled and dreamed and rose  
To awkward manhood. Here he played  
And frolicked, as young bears wax strong;  
Here he knew laughter, too—young laughter  
Which would not echo in these woodlands long.

For the family moved on,  
Urged by some primal impulse to the road.  
Calling long Abe to lend a helping hand  
And lift his portion of the load,  
Leaving sparse corn rows underneath the trees,  
Leaving the cabin—no one closed the door—  
They piled rude chairs upon rude beds, and went,  
Never to see this Indiana country more.  
But as the boy bent his ungainly frame  
And his strong shoulders to the pack,  
He carried in his heart much more from Indiana  
Than he carried on his back.

He bore the silence of the woods  
At noontime and the early morning hour  
When he had done his chores, and he was glad  
That memory is the deepest moving power,  
For it went with him; he could hear the axe  
In winter, and the crack of falling trees,  
Then the blurred note of summer toil  
When the hewn trunk falls softly with the breeze.  
He heard the owl's cry and the squirrel's chatter  
And the quaint drawl of Hoosier tongue  
All as one music, and it was his language.  
He was to know this later when among  
Scenes far from these that knew his boyish  
dreams,  
A stranger amid strange happenings  
He was to hear in fancy those old accents  
As one hears afar a voice that sings.

He had left a mother in the forest  
And the land was mother where she lay;  
His dreams would hover here and linger  
Though his road led far away.  
Though it led through the depths of human  
anguish,  
Led to a grave that only martyrs fill,  
Lost, now, the sun-flecked pathways of his boy-  
hood,  
But, Indiana, you may claim him still;  
And in your future, gloriously unfolding,  
There is no greatness which he cannot share,  
For he is one with rock and stream and soil  
From which men spring and grow—and dare!  
Bloomington. ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER.



HOWEVER, I did see Art Fritter—through the window of his shop. I couldn't have talked with him unless I did so in his chair. The shop was filled, but I don't know whether the crowd was there to be shorn or to listen to the world series. *Ind. Star 10/1/44*

There was a good attendance, too, in the adjoining poolroom on the outside of which is a sign: "Lowest Age Limit 18." In fact, with the fair being readied it was congested everywhere, so after enjoying a sody at the corner drug-store I set off to complete my preview of the beautiful foliage, drawn irresistibly by

### ONE CLEAR CALL

The tapestried hills of Brown County are calling

Calling again in a far-reaching voice,  
As the bright tones of myriad leaves, before falling,

Bid us to mingle with them and rejoice.  
They call from the valleys and shout from the ridges—

From blue beech and maple, from willow and oak;

They light up the trails and the culverts and bridges

Or drape a proud hill in a Solomon's cloak.  
There's the bright yellow tulip tree proudly proclaiming

That it is the emblem of your state and mine,  
And the maple whose foliage fairly in flaming,  
And the sumac that glows as though bursting with wine.

Yes, the red gods are calling and gladly we hearken

To another of Nature's own bright symphonies,  
As the shadows of autumn in vain seek to darken

Our lives in the gleam of those glorious trees.  
For naught can eclipse the pulse-quickenning splendor

Of reds and of golds and of every hue,  
And the lighter pastels so ineffably tender  
Under a dome of celestial blue.

# INDIANA

(Indiana is 125 years old today. The Tribune herewith reproduces Max Ehrmann's poem, "Indiana.")



Max Ehrmann.

The pioneers lie in their earthen beds.  
Still lives their dauntless faith to do and dare,  
In cities that lift high their lofty heads,  
In busy towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields,  
Here in this land where pleasant rivers run—  
Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields  
Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads.  
Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leers,  
Nor whirlwinds shouting sophomoric creeds.  
The turmoils of the world touch lightly here.

If in some future time our country fall  
On rocks of evil days, this middle land  
Will lift her up, her sanity recall,  
And bind her wounds as with a mother's hand.

For here we know no sections, east or west,  
Or north or south. Here are the people bound  
By many sacred ties to all the rest.  
Here is the heartbeat of the nation sound,

Dear Indiana, always, as of old,  
Keep thou thy soul unsullied as the sea.  
Despising tyrants, whether mobs or gold—  
Compassionate mother of a people free.

A. W. BURLINGAME Box 439, Smithwood, Indiana University, has sent me some unusual verse. It's about Hoosierland, although Mr.

Burlingame says he has lived in this state only four months.

"When I consider all that Indiana has done for me," he says, "I feel that there is a debt I owe to this land of Hoosiers in the heart of our great country. I herewith offer the following expression of gratitude — what my feelings would be if I were a Hoosier:

### THE HOOSIER'S REQUEST

Give me Indiana's clear blue skies  
And bright sun overhead,  
And let there be a summer breeze,  
A gentle, western, summer breeze  
When I am cold and dead.

Oh, let the Hoosier hills be green  
And babbling brooklets play,  
And let the redbird sweetly sing,  
The crested, cocky redbird sing,  
When I have passed away.

Pray, place me where my mother stream—  
The Wabash—glides along,  
And strew her banks with zinnias,  
With tulip trees and zinnias,  
When I am dead and gone.

At last, with limestone mark my grave  
Beneath the rich, brown loam,  
And let me sleep forever,  
Let me sleep content forever,  
Let me rest in peace forever . . .  
In my Indiana home.

*The enclosed complimentary copy of YOUNG VOICES, a volume of original poems by the pupils of the Sarah Scott Junior High School of Terre Haute, Indiana, was published as a mark of appreciation for the work done, and as encouragement for further effort in creative work in verse.*

*We hope that this work may interest you as a junior high school project, or by reason of any poetic value it may have.*

*The printing and make-up of this book were used as projects for work in the print shop of the school during the past year.*

*G. Lawrence Jones  
Principal*

*Georgia A. Brewster  
Instructor of English*

*Blinn M. Fox  
Instructor of Printing*



INDIANA

810.5

Vol. 3

# Young Voices



REFERENCE  
DO NOT CIRCULATE

FAIRFAX COUNTY LIBRARY

YOUNG VOICES

# YOUNG VOICES

## VOLUME I

*Poetry by Pupils  
of the  
Sarah Scott Junior High School*

**EMELINE FAIRBANKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY**

FOREWORD AND SELECTION

BY

GEORGIA A. BREWSTER

*Instructor of English*

*Sarah Scott Junior High School*

*Terre Haute, Indiana*

SARAH SCOTT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL PRESS  
MCMXXXI

To  
The Future Poets  
Of  
Sarah Scott Junior High School

## A Foreword

The poems in this small volume are the results of two aims: to give appreciation of good verse, and to encourage and develop ability, in our junior high school pupils, to write good verse. Of these two aims, that of giving appreciation is, of course, the more important, but good original verse is the most tangible evidence both of appreciation and of creative ability. The printing of these poems here is a gesture of acknowledgment to the authors of the high quality of their work, and is also a means of acquainting anyone interested with this phase of our school work.

All of the following poems were selected from issues of the ORANGE PEEL, the Sarah Scott Junior High School monthly paper.

GEORGIA A. BREWSTER



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Foreword.....	VII
After The Winter.....Henriette Berkowitz	1
The Unfathomed.....Morris Blumberg	2
Where Is God?.....Morris Blumberg	4
Why?.....Morris Blumberg	5
Harvest Moon.....Morris Blumberg	6
A Storm Approaches.....Charlotte Heidrich	7
Incense.....Adeleen Brodsky	8
Mohammedan Prayers.....Ray Cline	9
Rain Children.....Eleanor Ray	10
Storm.....Eleanor Ray	11
The Silver Charm.....Maxine Austin	12
The Fairy Queen.....Maxine Austin	13
Loneliness.....Fred Graff	14
Snow Dance.....Fred Graff	15
Morning Fog.....Jane Bogin	16
Snow Fall.....Fred Graff	17
Snow.....Jane Bogin	18
Terror.....Jane Bogin	19
Moonlight.....Florence Hassinger	20
An Elfin Feast.....Marigail Stewart	21
Jewels.....Jane Leveque	22
The Problem Solved.....Elizabeth Fletcher	23
Thunder.....Jane Leveque	24
In The Country.....Kenneth Shifflet	25
Dawn.....Kenneth Stark	26
The Moon And The Water.....Eva Smith	27



# TABLE OF CONTENTS—Continued

	PAGE
<i>The Willow</i> .....	Rachel Blumberg 28
<i>The Bird And The Sun</i> .....	Robert Stark 29
<i>The Painter</i> .....	Helen Welch 30
<i>Spring</i> .....	Helen Welch 31
<i>The Sacrifice</i> .....	Dorothy Brubeck 32
<i>In A Hindu Temple</i> .....	Dorothy Brubeck 33
<i>Falling Stars</i> .....	Dorothy Brubeck 34
<i>Ecstasies</i> .....	Martha Pearman 35
<i>The Gipsy Dance</i> .....	Martha Pearman 36
<i>In The Bazaar</i> .....	Martha Pearman 37
<i>March Snow</i> .....	Edna Howlett 38
<i>The Artist</i> .....	Virginia Jack 39
<i>A Bird's Day</i> .....	Julia Asbury 40

YOUNG VOICES  
VOLUME I

## After The Winter



SPRING has come!

I know it from the scents my nostrils feel—  
The scents of buds and flow'rs—caressing  
breezes—

The feeling vague and undefined that seizes  
Me; and all things seem as dreams, unreal.

Spring has come!

I know it from the sounds that greet my ears—  
The sounds of birds and leaves—laughter and  
voice,—

The quick'ning of my pulse,—I have no choice  
But to be glad, nor heed the passing years.

Spring has come!

I know it as I see each feathered wing,  
Each flower, each tree, each grassy lawn or  
slope.

And in my heart arises one great hope:  
To feel, to hear, to see, to live each Spring.

HENRIETTE BERKOWITZ, 9A

EMELINE FAIRBANKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

## The Unfathomed



ALL near me is still,  
Yet sounds of the unpacified winds  
Whine in the west.  
Parched burned leaves fall at my feet,  
Each finding its place  
Among the many others  
That have suffered Nature's long drought,  
And slow, welcome death.

A butterfly darting about me,  
Thirsting for juicy, sweet sap,  
Wearily wings away.  
The aerial creature  
Returns once more to drain  
The few remaining, bitter, hot drops,  
For the beautiful sentinels of God's woods,  
The phlox and black-eyed susans,  
Are crisp.

Before me, where once a merry brook played,  
Is a ditch—  
A dry, hard, crumbling ditch.  
Here, all of Nature, only a short month ago,  
Had bloomed in new life daily.  
Here, the cardinal, whose song is now  
Saddened and weird,  
Drank and bathed,  
Then assailed the highest branch  
To let all share in his beauty  
And happiness.

---

YOUNG VOICES


---


My beech, once a forest in itself  
That shut out sky and clouds,  
Is now a torn, ghost-like frame.  
Now through its skeleton boughs  
One seems to see Winter,  
But it is the heat, it is the heat and the drought.  
Ruined flowers, thirsty butterflies,  
Dying trees, and dry ditch  
Are all God's work.

Man  
Is not yet wise enough to understand  
Why God  
Wounds himself.

MORRIS B. BLUMBERG, 9B

## Where Is God?

EAVES, sifting downward,  
Carpeting the hard, white earth,  
Lie, 'til dusted away.  
Against the etchings of bareness  
And quiescence of other trees,  
The loyal pines, alone,  
Hold their plumage.  
A frozen whiteness—  
The whiteness of a dying face  
Covers all.  
Has God turned His face  
To the other worlds?



MORRIS B. BLUMBERG, 9B



## Why?



WHY, while the day is bright,  
And you, old Sun, are here,  
Guarding and guiding this world,  
Do you leave when darkness is near?  
When the night is mysterious and quiet,  
And wise Nature sinks to rest,  
While yet foolish man lingers,  
Seeking to prolong the day,  
No guardian have we then,  
For you are gone.  
Why?  
Are you afraid, old Sun?

MORRIS B. BLUMBERG, 8A

## Harvest Moon



HE harvest moon  
Hangs like a great golden globe  
From a jeweled bowl  
Turned over us.

MORRIS B. BLUMBERG, 9B

## A Storm Approaches



MONOTONOUS raintears fall on the roof,  
From a darkening sky,  
And naught breaks the lonely, dripping silence  
Except the wind's soft sigh.

Now thunder rolling through the clouds  
Makes a hollow sound,  
Like roller skates on board sidewalks,  
Raised above the ground.

Long, clutching streaks of white lightning,  
Like jagged, blazing daggers,  
Make ragged tears in the rolling sky,  
And the quivering air staggers.

CHARLOTTE HEIDRICH, 7A

Incense



THIN bluish streak  
From a small lighted peak  
Arises.

A sweet mystic scent  
From the distant Orient  
Enfolds me.

Visions of Eastern splendor  
Of a haughty, languid emperor  
Come to me.

ADELEEN BRODSKY, 7B

## Mohammedan Prayers



WHEN the great sun tops the pyramid's peak  
Every morning in every week,  
The Mohammedans greet the day  
By bowing in reverence to pray.

On a balcony of the tower the muezzin stands,  
And solemnly bows toward the sun-seared  
sands,  
And the holy city faces—  
The city of Eastern spaces.

Then each one is sure no brigand's raid  
Can harm him, for he has prayed.  
Though they pray, they merely  
Obey, and chant words, insincerely.

RAY CLINE, 7A

## Rain Children



HEY'RE dashing at the window pane,  
They're jumping on the sill,  
They're diving into puddles,  
They just cannot be still.

They're singing in the water-spouts,  
They're skipping 'cross the roofs,  
They're prancing down the alley  
Like fairy horses' hoofs.

ELEANOR RAY, 7A



## Storm



CROSS the lake Storm's robe of black is sweep-  
ing,

And from his heels great, jagged sparks are  
leaping;

He hurls the clouds as he comes rushing by,  
And sends them rolling down the hills of sky.  
As he roars on the waves rise high in wonder,  
And shatter as he howls his threats in thunder.

ELEANOR RAY, '7A

EMILIE PATRICKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

## The Silver Charm



AT NIGHT the silver moonbeams  
Slip down from the silver moon,  
They dance on the smooth, silver water,  
They dance to a silvery tune.

They dance with a silvery lightness,  
Until the glow of the dawn.  
When the sun looks for the moonbeams  
The silver charm is gone.

MAXINE AUSTIN, 8B

## The Fairy Queen



HE fairy queen sups  
From the butter-cups  
The sweet and liquid gold.  
She sits within  
The castle walls thin  
Of a pink rose fold.

She wears a gown  
As soft as down  
Of the spider's cloth;  
Her crown's decked with jewels  
Of liquid, pearl pools;  
She's shod with the wings of a moth.

MAXINE AUSTIN, 7A

## Loneliness



HIVERING trees,  
Bare trees,  
Wretched in their bareness,  
Reach to God  
For love.

Through the night  
In lonely bleakness  
They look toward God,  
Who alone,  
Remembers them.

FRED GRAFF, 9B

## Snow Dance



NOW whirls  
Madly dance  
On a stage  
Of roofs.

Frayed,  
By the whipping wind,  
They pirouette  
To the edge of the stage,  
And fall.

FRED GRAFF, 9B

ESLIE FARRANKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

## Morning Fog



HE sun crept in among the shreds of rising mist.

He sat upon the mountain top.

He looked into a vast sea of emptiness below.

Torn by the rocks of the mountain, beaten and thin,

The fog to the deepest valley dim retreated;

The sun, smiling triumphant, followed his defeated foe.

JANE BOGIN, 7A



## Snow Fall



LOWLY, softly, silently,  
Eddies the snow.  
The wind  
Ripples and rustles wistfully  
In wisps.  
It whines wantonly  
Through the skeleton arms  
Of black trees.  
The snow sifts through the boughs  
And rests.  
A lacy coverlet  
Hides the sleeping earth,  
Transforming her gaunt bleakness  
Into a white beauty  
Of silence.

FRED GRAFF, 8B

EUGENE PATRICKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Snow



NOW

In the moonlight  
Sifts through the air like dust  
From a distant star.  
The snow casts a spell of soft silence  
On the air.  
It muffles the sound  
Of weary feet  
That trudge away  
In the night.

JANE BOGIN, 7A

## Terror



WHEN light is gone,  
And naught but shadows live,  
The prehistoric fear  
Of crawling, creeping,  
Hidden things,  
Of eyes, alone in darkness,  
Of terrible claws,  
And tearing teeth  
Come reaching out  
To seize me—  
To blot out this Age of Steel,  
And make me primitive again.

JANE BOGIN, 8B

## Moonlight



MOONLIGHT is a magic lotion,  
Bathing the world in silver light,  
Changing the trees by its rare potion  
Into a wonderful sight.

Moonlight is a fairy wand,  
Painting pale scenes of grandeur;  
Tree shadows reaching o'er the pond  
Are of giant splendor.

FLORENCE HASSINGER, 7B

## An Elfin Feast



CREPT to Elfin Hill one night,  
And saw an elfin feast;  
The first course was honey soup,  
Flavored with spider web yeast.  
A leaf-cart drawn by a grasshopper horse,  
Brought in the minnow-steak course,  
It was placed on daisy petal platters  
And served by the firefly force.  
Tips of heavily sauced grass,  
Dandelion wine, and creamed clovers,  
And acorn cups filled with maple sap,  
Made me wish for all left-overs.

MARIGAIL STEWART, 7A



Jewels



ACH bowed blade  
Of slender grass,  
Each trembling rose,  
Is radiant  
In wondrous gems—  
Water-diamonds,  
Rainbow-tinted.

JANE LEVEQUE, 8B

## The Problem Solved



RAY, where are the delicate maidenhair ferns,  
That waved in the summer breeze?  
Why, the fairies have taken them everyone,  
To plant in their garden, like trees.

And where have the tinted bluebells gone,  
That silently bloomed in the woods?  
Why, the fairies have stolen them everyone,  
And slipped them on for hoods.

ELIZABETH FLETCHER, 7A

## Thunder



ORSES hoofs  
Are pounding;  
Giant wheels  
Are rumbling  
On dusty roads.

Somewhere  
A drum is booming;  
Endless feet  
Are tramping,  
And it thunders—  
Here.

JANE LEVEQUE, 8B

## In The Country



WAYING trees,  
A busy brook,  
A barking dog,  
A struggling team,

Creaking wheels,  
A scolding wren,  
A noisy rooster,  
And toiling men,  
Call to the country.

KENNETH SHIFFLET, 7B

EVELINE FARRBANKS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Dawn



HE dews of dawn are on the grass,  
The bird stirs in its nest,  
Chanticleer is crowing loud,  
And the sun flaunts his rosy crest.

As the sun begins his skyward climb  
Then we mortals rise,  
And drink the dew-washed, morning air,  
Beneath the sunburst skies.

KENNETH STARK, 7A

## The Moon And The Water



HE moon,  
Great satellite of the earth,  
Shines like the light of a hearth  
On the water.

The water,  
Like a placid mirror,  
Shows the satellite, clear  
As a jewel.

EVA SMITH, 7A



## The Willow



WAYING with a swishing sound,  
Bending low to sweep the ground,  
Whispering with a softness, silence,  
Glistening with a misty dewiness,  
Stands the willow.

In summer, in bright yellow-green,  
Now naked of its fringed screen,  
Carpeted at its feet with leaves,  
Weeping softly, silently, in the breeze,  
Stands the willow.

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 7B

## The Bird And The Sun



WEE bird,  
Herald of the sun,  
Came forth.  
Brightly peering  
Into the spring dawn  
He chirped,  
And the sun rose.

The wee bird,  
Weary from the day's  
Joys,  
Fluttered home  
To his nest,  
Sleepily.  
Into the spring twilight  
He chirped,  
And the sun sank.

ROBERT CLARK, 8A

## The Painter



H, THERE is a little artist  
Who paints in the cold night hours,  
Pictures for little children,  
Of wondrous trees and flowers,  
Pictures of snow-white mountains,  
Touching the clear, white sky,  
Pictures of distant waters,  
Where the pigmy ships sail by.  
The moon is the lamp he paints by,  
His canvas, the window-pane,  
His brush is the frozen snow-flakes;  
He glorifies winter's reign.

HELEN WELCH, 8B

## Spring



LITTLE bit of blowing,  
A little bit of snow,  
A little bit of sowing,  
And tulips soon will grow.  
On every twig a leaflet will swing,  
On every tree-top a bird will sing.

A little bit of sleeting,  
A little bit of rain,  
The blue, blue sky for greeting,  
The snowflakes come again.  
But every hillside some grass will bring,  
And winter days are changing to spring.

HELEN WELCH, 7A

## The Sacrifice



MONOTONOUS beating of tom-toms  
And savage, weird cries fill the air,  
And on the sacred sacrifice-stone  
Is a glimpse of human hair.

The tom-toms endlessly beat;  
Naked men thrust blazing rods  
At the writhing, tortured sacrifice  
Of their ugly, heathen gods.

Appears the priest with charms a-clinking,  
And painted like skeleton bone;  
A death-dealing dagger in his eager hand—  
A thrust—and a life is gone!

DOROTHY BRUBECK, 8B

## In A Hindu Temple



FLIGHT of peals,  
A hurry of feet,  
A hastening through aisles,  
A lamb's plaintive bleat  
Forecast preparation for Worship.

A rustle of robes,  
A chant of voices,  
An incense choked room,  
A silence of noises—  
This is the Worship.

At the stone door  
The lepers wait,  
The people not minding  
Their leprous state.  
Is this Worship?

DOROTHY BRUBECK, 7A



## Falling Stars



ONE happy night  
The stars were like white asters  
With a diamond sparkle.  
Then, as if a child had clipped them,  
From their stems they fell,  
One by one.  
Where they went I know not—  
Perhaps to the other side of the world.  
Where is the other side  
Of the world?

DOROTHY BRUBECK, 7B

Ecstasies



WIFFS of gasoline, and golden cheese,  
And old rose scents ladies wear to teas,  
And the spicy incense of young fir trees  
Bewitch me.

Frying bacon wakes me up;  
The fragrance of a coffee cup,  
And of honey like the fairies sup  
Arouse my sleepy wits.

The muddled odors of Christmas eve,  
A mystic tinsely pattern weave;  
A fruit cake's smell I would not leave,  
For it enchants me.

The aroma of an old burnt match,  
Or a briar pipe, or a fragrant batch  
Of mother's welcome candies catch  
My questing nose.

MARTHA PEARMAN 8B

## The Gypsy Dance



TINKLE of music, a tambourine clinking,  
A flash of color and the dances begin.  
A maze of lights, and slowly dancing  
Amid a wildly clapping din,  
The gypsy glides.

Dressed in a gown of flaming red,  
Beautiful and brilliant jewels she wears.  
Between carmine lips flash pearly teeth,  
And wearing a colorful scarf on her hair,  
The gypsy whirls.

Wilder and faster grows her dance;  
Like an autumn wind is her whirl.  
Then with a wierd cry she sinks;  
Thus ends the dance of the gypsy girl,  
Dance of the ancient gypsy.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 7B

## In The Bazaar



LASHES of brilliant red and gold,  
Sashes and trinkets everywhere,  
As if a rainbow with its lovely colors  
Had shed all its radiance there,  
Shine in the gay bazaar.

Here, a colorful Spanish shawl,  
There, the Italians' lovely lace,  
Irish linen in this booth,  
And here and there a painted face  
In the gay bazaar.

Ladies arrayed in silken clothes,  
Bracelets and jewels on their arms;  
Japanese lanterns light the rooms,  
But wistfully outside asking alms  
Stands a beggar boy.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 7B

## March Snow

**S**NOWFLAKES falling through the sky,  
Falling, falling, falling;  
Birds looking for crumbs of food,  
Are calling, calling, calling.

Twilight falling o'er the earth,  
Darkening, darkening, darkening;  
A soft hush falls over all,  
Harkening, harkening, harkening.

Drifting flakes through the silent air,  
Hovering, hovering, hovering,  
Falling softly on crisp, brown leaves,  
Covering, covering, covering.

EDNA RUTH HOWLETT, 7A

## The Artist



UTUMN is here—

The artist who paints  
The leaves all red and gold;  
The hills are his pallet,  
The winds are his brush—  
His pictures to summer are sold.

Work all finished—  
His brush and paints  
With his easel he folds away;  
He covers them all  
With a wintry pall,  
And waits till the first spring day.

VIRGINIA JACK, 8A



## A Bird's Day



SLEEPY twitter,  
A flutter of wings,  
The sun is up,  
With all it brings.

Happily winging,  
Voice full of song,  
Joyously singing,  
A bird soars along.

A sleepy twitter  
Among the brown  
Of the trees nearby,  
And the sun is down.

JULIA ASBURY, 9A

*The enclosed complimentary copy of YOUNG VOICES, a volume of original poems by the pupils of the Sarah Scott Junior High School of Terre Haute, Indiana, was published as a mark of appreciation for the work done, and as encouragement for further effort in creative work in verse.*

*We hope that this work may interest you as a junior high school project, or by reason of any poetic value it may have.*

*The printing and make-up of this book were used as projects for work in the print shop of the school during the past year.*

*G. Lawrence Jones  
Principal*

*Georgia A. Brewster  
Instructor of English*

*Blinn M. Fox  
Instructor of Printing*

INDIANA 810.5 Y28 Terrell-20-

Y28

Poetry

INDIANA

# Young Voices



INDIANA ROOM  
REFERENCE  
DO NOT CIRCULATE

# YOUNG VOICES

VOLUME II

Second Series

of the

State of New York

## YOUNG VOICES

Second Series

Volume II

Second Series

Volume II

Volume II

# YOUNG VOICES

## VOLUME II

Poetry by Pupils  
of the  
*Sarah Scott Junior High School*

FOREWORD AND SELECTION

BY

GEORGIA A. BREWSTER

*Instructor of English*  
*Sarah Scott Junior High School*  
*Terre Haute, Indiana*

SARAH SCOTT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL PRESS

MCMXXXII

STUDENT VOICES

AN ANNUAL

OF THE

SARAH SCOTT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

1932

COPYRIGHT, 1932

BY THE SARAH SCOTT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



To  
The Past and Future Poets  
of  
Sarah Scott Junior High School  
and to  
All the Unnamed Ones  
Whose Support and Labor  
Have Made This Second Volume  
Possible

## A FOREWORD

The continued excellent work of our pupils in original verse, and the kindly, stimulating reception of our first volume of *YOUNG VOICES*, have encouraged us to offer this second collection of verse.

The following poems were selected from the past year's issues of the *ORANGE PEEL*, the Sarah Scott Junior High School monthly paper. The grade given with the signature in each case is that of the pupil at the time of the writing of the poem.

GEORGIA A. BREWSTER

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>A Foreword</i> .....	VII
<i>We Are Guilty</i> ..... Morris B. Blumberg	1
<i>Mirth</i> ..... Ray Cline	2
<i>Why?</i> ..... Ray Cline	3
<i>Patience</i> ..... Ray Cline	4
<i>Master Minds</i> ..... Ray Cline	5
<i>Anticipation</i> ..... Ray Cline	6
<i>Fleeting Glory</i> ..... Martha Pearman	7
<i>A Cat's Eyes</i> ..... Martha Pearman	8
<i>Jade</i> ..... Martha Pearman	9
<i>Youth's Spring</i> ..... Martha Pearman	10
<i>Christmas Thoughts</i> ..... Fred Graff	11
<i>The Parade</i> ..... Fred Graff	12
<i>Worry</i> ..... Fred Graff	13
<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> ..... Fred Graff	14
<i>The Goldfish</i> ..... Eleanor Ray	15
<i>In Church</i> ..... Eleanor Ray	16
<i>Fir Tree</i> ..... Eleanor Ray	17
<i>Boasting</i> ..... Leah Silverman	18
<i>Spring Plowing</i> ..... Rachel Blumberg	19
<i>A Miracle</i> ..... Rachel Blumberg	20
<i>Talent</i> ..... Rachel Blumberg	21
<i>Coal</i> ..... Joe Duffy	22
<i>Circus</i> ..... Kenneth Shiflet	23
<i>So Why?</i> ..... Marigail Stewart	24
<i>Left Alone</i> ..... Marigail Stewart	25
<i>A Snowflake</i> ..... Howard Cromer	26

## TABLE OF CONTENTS—Continued

	PAGE
<i>Death Room</i> . . . . .	Dorothy Brubeck 27
<i>Heart Hunger</i> . . . . .	Maxine Austin 28
<i>The Golden Touch</i> . . . . .	Maxine Austin 29
<i>Stars</i> . . . . .	Janet Van Winkle 30
<i>Thor</i> . . . . .	Howard Liffick 31
<i>Spring Pleasures</i> . . . . .	Marian Combs 32
<i>Indiana Picture</i> . . . . .	Billie Jones 33
<i>Light</i> . . . . .	Robert Colwell 34
<i>The Moon</i> . . . . .	Elizabeth Fletcher 35
<i>The Beauty of Space</i> . . . . .	Adeleen Brodsky 36
<i>Gifts</i> . . . . .	Adeleen Brodsky 37
<i>Our Crickets</i> . . . . .	Charles Howlett 38
<i>Treachery</i> . . . . .	Otto Duenweg 39
<i>Confusion</i> . . . . .	Sophie Schultz 40

YOUNG VOICES

VOLUME II

## We Are Guilty



AR-FLUNG with bouquets of flowers  
Are the fields, and woods, and forests,  
In the spring—  
Generous spring;  
Silver-throated songsters  
In chorus loud sing symphonic song  
In the spring—  
Singing spring;  
Yet man in his vandal greed  
Stands not in awe of these  
Sweet stems with magic tips,  
Of these lyric lives with tuned lips,  
But destroys them,  
In the spring—  
God's spring.

MORRIS B. BLUMBERG, 9A



## Mirth



SAW some puppets performing  
Upon a tiny stage.  
I laughed at the awkwardness  
Of the funny, feeble things,  
Made to work by strings.

Perhaps  
God laughs,  
Gently,  
At the awkward antics  
Of us, puny puppets,  
Performing on our tiny stage,  
The earth.

RAY CLINE, 8A

## Why?



WHY,  
When our new, young souls  
Were released from the Maker's hand,  
Did they choose this grain of dust  
From the many whirling worlds  
Of the Master  
To live upon?  
Is the earth a stage  
For one brief act  
In the long drama  
Of life-after-life?

RAY CLINE, 8A

## Patience



IN the spring  
The farmer plows and plants,  
Then waits the summer through.  
If in the autumn  
Fate decrees  
The loss of all,  
Grimly he accepts,  
And during winter,  
Heartened by the thought  
That God's plans, too,  
Sometimes go awry,  
Resignedly,  
He plans to plow and plant,  
Again and again,  
In the spring.

RAY CLINE, 9B

## Master Minds



IN AWE I wonder  
About the flight of planes  
Through space for days and days.  
I marvel at the master mind of him  
Who first conceived them.  
Again, in awe,  
I wonder about the flight of worlds  
Through space for eons and eons.  
I marvel at the master mind of God  
Who conceived and still conceives them.

RAY CLINE, 8A

## Anticipation



OD made the suns,  
And from them conceived future worlds—  
Our world.  
The glacial mills ground  
The rocks for future soil.  
In tune with time  
God created the vague amoeba,  
The monster lizard reptile,  
Which gazed in awe at the fish  
And at the bird—  
The fish that learned to fly.  
In turn the bird now gazes with greater awe  
At that present, imperfect perfection, Man.

RAY CLINE, 9B

## Fleeting Glory



SHORT TIME ago shy maidens donned  
Their modest green gowns in a shadowy glade;  
In the fall Spanish ladies swayed in the sheen  
Of tarnished gold sunshine, a gay masquerade!

Brilliance is gone, gold sunlight has faded;  
The revelers have long ago fled from the glen.  
In the screeching gale now gaunt old witches  
Chant to themselves of the joys that have been.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 9B



## A Cat's Eyes



LIKE inscrutable gems of ancient jade  
That dangled from a dark slave's ears,  
Or like emeralds that graced queenly hands—  
Jewels polished by a sad queen's tears—  
Are your eyes.

Sometimes they flash their golden fire,  
As from a soldier's gleaming shield,  
Then like calm topaz they are,  
That tell me you will yield  
To my caress.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 8A

## Jade



COOL SOFTNESS, an eternal glow—  
Jade recalls to me an ancient age  
Of Egyptian worship and clashing cymbals,  
Of Egyptian kings on many a page  
Of oldest history.

Jeweling a queen's languorous hand,  
The heavy perfume of lotus flowers  
Might have sweetly scented it,  
As she dipped her hand in the showers  
Of a lazy fountain.

But this ancient picture dims;  
I return from Pharoah's sparkling hall;  
The mirage of coolest color fades;  
I return at the modern's blatant call,  
To find jade's semi-precious.

MARTHA PEARMAN, 8A

## Youth's Spring




H, the earth is all a-thrill  
With birdsongs in the spring,  
And the sunbeams have been polished  
By the lovely, shining rain.

The sun-flecked lanes are bordered  
With violets and Nature's lore;  
Drink deep from youth's sweet spring,  
'Tis more sparkling than before!

MARTHA PEARMAN, 9A

## Christmas Thoughts

IVE ME, O God in Heaven,  
The bliss of peace at this season  
Of cold winter—  
Steely winter.

Give me, O Thou Most High,  
Love and guidance  
In this reviewing  
Of austere winter—  
Harsh winter.

Give me, O Thou great Stage-master,  
A part to play with understanding,  
In this time of cheery winter—  
Fireside winter.

And give me, O Jehovah Majestic,  
A loyal heart, reverent for Thee,  
In this communal season  
Of gift-sharing winter.

FRED GRAFF, 9A

## The Parade



RIPPLED and cramped,  
Unsteady and slow,  
Sweaty and painfully,  
They march.

They march—  
Old veterans,  
Young veterans,  
Crippled and scarred,  
Terrible reminders  
Of terrible war!

Oh, that men could be  
Happily scar-free,  
Instead of hulking hulks  
In fruitless walks  
Of past-bloomed life!

FRED GRAFF, 9B

## Worry



WHY am I fretted  
With sisters, who, older  
Incessantly warn me  
With prophecies dire?

Had it been granted  
That they had been younger—  
Nearer my age,  
Should I have happier been  
Letting my studies be hanged—  
Be hanged?

Or shall I regret  
In years unseen yet  
Their admonitions  
Neglected?

My life is a road  
Into two branches divided—  
My own inclinations  
And their admonitions,  
With hopes that the one I choose  
Be the one I can use  
Without remorse.

FRED GRAFF, 9A



## Abraham Lincoln



RUDE clay,  
Bruised and battered  
By adversity—  
Rude clay,  
That grasps opportunities,  
Molds itself  
Into leaders of men.

Rude clay,  
Sneered at  
And pitied,  
Molded itself  
Into Abraham Lincoln.

FRED GRAFF, 9B

## The Goldfish



GLIMPSE a gleaming goldfish  
Gliding through glades of moss,  
Sliding past shimmering sea-shells,  
Flaunting his burnished gloss,

Darting through eerie greenery,  
Never pausing long.  
I move nearer the water —  
A flash, and the goldfish is gone!

ELEANOR RAY, 8B

## In Church



WHY, in a church, when all around is still,  
When only the soft swish of ladies' Sunday  
silks,  
And the wary, silent sounds of tiptoeing feet  
are heard,  
When the soothing light through holy, painted  
windows  
Makes the dim, dull faces of friends more  
solemn—  
Why must I spoil the pious enchantment  
By giggling?

ELEANOR RAY, 8B

## Fir Tree



O H, FIR TREE, standing motionless and straight,  
Where were you ere your beauty brought you  
here?

Did you tower in a forest weird and dark,  
And stand in the cold night without fear?

Did you see with icy thrills your friends cut  
down,

And did you wait your turn with fear or joy?

Did you willingly give up your lonely life,

To make supremely happy one small boy?

ELEANOR RAY, 8A

## Boasting



HAVE rumpled all the rivers;  
I have wrestled all the lakes;  
When I charge the land it quivers,  
And the rock-built city quakes.

I have lashed the seven oceans,  
Have made each my mighty slave.  
Ruin and mischief are my weapons —  
I am the wind, fearless and brave.

LEAH SILVERMAN, 7A

## Spring Plowing



HE farmer  
Plows laboriously.  
His clumsy, brown team  
Breaks the fresh, damp earth  
Into a freedom  
For the earth worms.  
Greedy, his white chickens  
Follow him,  
Cackling,  
Gobbling the earth worms.  
Farmer, brown team,  
White chickens,  
And tunnelling earth worms  
All help with the first  
Spring plowing.

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 8A

## A Miracle



ONE tiny bud  
Tucked inside a twig  
Bursts into  
A blossom!

One pinky blossom  
Withers, falls,  
Dies, to leave room  
For an apple!

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 8A



## Talent



WITH each stroke for perfection  
The artist sketches;  
With each tone for harmony  
The musician strives;  
With each muscle at its tensest  
The athlete labors;  
With each step in rhythm  
The dancer glides;  
With each emotion thrilling  
The actor lives his borrowed life—  
Does God, too, toil as earnestly  
To guide His wondrous genius?

RACHEL BLUMBERG, 8B

## Coal



AGES AGO great fern forests fell  
On the young earth yet forming and steaming;  
The great lands arose and the seas rolled back,  
And covered the forests with all their pressing.

Ages passed, at last little man came,  
And dug in the ground and found precious  
stones,  
But of still more value than any jewels,  
Is the coal, remains of the fern forests' bones.

JOE DUFFY, 7B

## Circus



HE circus band's brassy blare  
Fills the saw-dust reeking air.  
A restless elephant shifts about,  
Insolently eyeing his Hindoo mahout.

A tawny tiger balefully glances  
At a pony's majestic prancings;  
A trainer cockily cracks his whip,  
And the knife-thrower's knives spitefully zip.

The graceful antelope gaits along;  
A side-show minstrel bursts into song;  
The boisterous crowd's hum of noise  
Shakes not the juggler's careless poise.

KENNETH SHIFLET, 8B

## So Why?



CANNOT grow quite fast enough,  
And my mind won't speed me there,  
But I wish I were a little older,  
Just enough to wave my hair.  
I wish for a fancy "formal,"  
And a saucy, furry wrap,  
A pair of silver slippers,  
Without a childish, stupid strap!  
Yet I wonder after growing old,  
My youth, like Auntie, will I try to hold?

MARIGAIL STEWART, 8A

## Left Alone



"LL be all right,"  
I said. Yet inwardly  
I felt frosted with fright.

I sat in loneliness and dreamed,  
And read a saga of mystery,  
While fear, rekindled, gleamed.

I sat perspiring, terror-seized,  
Then I heard a friendly bark,  
And laughed, relaxed and eased.

MARIGAIL STEWART, 8B

## A Snowflake



SAW a flake come floating,  
Come floating toward the land;  
I watched it till it came so close,  
Until it touched my hand.

It was so soft and pretty,  
So weak and faint for strife,  
That when I gave it one warm breath,  
I took away its life!

HOWARD CROMER, 7A

## Death Room



LITTERING gods guard golden gates,  
And on the hallowed marble shrine  
The sun god's sacrifice starkly awaits.

Enters the priestess, slave of the sun,  
In rustling robes barbarous with gems,  
And the calm, pure face of a nun.

Clenching the dagger, she chants their rite,  
And while the followers faithfully pray,  
She thrusts and the martyr has eternal light.

DOROTHY BRUBECK, 9B



## Heart Hunger



N ORPHAN with a love-starved face  
And a wistful heart filled with longing  
And envy, watches parents and children  
In the crowd outside the fence thronging.

He sighs when he thinks of the great bare halls,  
And the rows of cots, all white,  
The sameness of the uniforms,  
And the loneliness that comes with night.

He loathes the smell of the yellow soap,  
The strict bell's call at times to eat,  
The mumbling of a meaningless prayer;  
He fears the matron cold and neat.

MAXINE AUSTIN, 9B

## The Golden Touch



WHEN the first warm fingers of the sun appear,  
Reaching up the sky,  
They turn the dew-drops to molten gold—  
At their beauty the flowers sigh.

Slowly the sun travels up the wide sky,  
Painting the clouds as he goes.  
He touches the tasseled heads of the grain,  
And gladdens the peoples' woes.

He peeps in a nest that holds three eggs;  
They are bringing new life to the earth.  
He'll touch the wee bills when they first peep  
out,  
And turn them to gold at birth.

MAXINE AUSTIN, 8A

Stars



THE idle moon once blew  
A thousand golden bubbles;  
But away they broke for freedom,  
And floated across the sky—  
Stars, we call them.

JANET VAN WINKLE, 7A

## Thor



AM the god, Thor,  
Great son of Odin,  
All-father Odin,  
Of all the northlands.

Here is my hammer,  
Largest of hammers,  
Mightiest of hammers,  
In all Asgard!

See my broad girdle,  
Most famous of girdles,  
For when it is worn  
My strength is made more.

I fear no beast nor man,  
Giant nor sorcerer,  
God nor enchanter—  
Fear I none!

For, with my lightning bolts,  
And all my thunder-heads  
I am protected well.  
What should I fear?

HOWARD LIFFICK, 7A

## Spring Pleasures



HE plowman slowly plods along  
In the furrows dank;  
The shiny plow cuts through the soil,  
And turns the earth like waves  
That roll along a bank.

I love the stirring fragrance  
Of fresh earth damp and dark,  
Newly turned by the sturdy plow,  
And the plowman's merry whistle,  
That joins in duet with the lark.

MARIAN COMBS, 7A

## An Indiana Picture



'M LONELY for a place along the Wabash,  
Where golden-rod and purple iron-weed grow,  
Where the bitter-sweet has all the fence-rows  
turning  
To fire-works red until long after snow;

Where the crows are hunting 'mong the corn-  
stalks,  
And the pumpkins dot the land for miles around,  
Where the many sorghum mills and cider-  
presses  
Are taking toll from the harvests of the ground.

BILLIE JONES, 7B

Light



LIGHT,  
Mechanical,  
Mystic, and defying,  
Scientific, and undying,  
Fed by a magic unseen,  
Flows through wires  
In a living stream.

ROBERT COLWELL, 7A



## The Moon



HE crescent moon in velvet shrouds  
Among the silent stars,  
Peeps up through the care-free clouds  
At Mercury and Mars.

Little swaying, sailing moon,  
Slip down from the sultry sky,  
And look for the tiny stars that are lost,  
Down where the dormant ships lie.

ELIZABETH FLETCHER, 9B

## The Beauty of Space



OW beautiful in their vastness  
Are the heavens that darken at nightfall,  
When viewed from the wide emptiness  
Of a field that is free of houses!

ADELEEN BRODSKY, 7A

Gifts



HE blessed rain  
With rhythmic beat falls first  
To quench a blossom's dire thirst.

A golden light  
Descends upon the drenched earth  
To be a flower's warming hearth.

ADELEEN BRODSKY, 8B

## Our Crickets



WO crickets merrily and happily sing  
Under our basement stairs.  
They have among the holes and cracks  
Their secrets and their lairs.

To the children their music's a lullaby,  
Not slow, nor sad, nor deep;  
But a homey, happy, see-sawy chirp,  
That creeps into their sleep.

CHARLES HOWLETT, 7A

## Treachery



IGNORANT Indians trusted white man;  
Cunning white man tricked the Indians,  
Took away their fields and rivers,  
Cut their forests, killed their chieftains,  
Pushed them westward—westward still,  
Till their backs had touched the Rockies.  
Then white man pushed them o'er the Rockies,  
Till they could be pushed no more,  
For at their backs was the long seashore.  
Then white man gave from selfish hearts  
Of all this land, the barren parts,  
As the Indian Reservations.  
But by ironical joke of fate  
On these wastes was found rich oil.  
Now the white man schemes and plans  
To steal again the red man's lands.

OTTO DUENWEG, 8A

84 P75

T.H. Poets

INDIANA



TERRE HAUTE

INDIANA ROOM

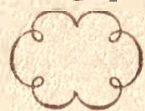
# Lights Along the Wabash

## Poems by Members

of the

POETS' STUDY CLUB

**REFERENCE  
DO NOT CIRCULATE**



Terre Haute, Indiana

April, 1940

INDIANA

Dedicated to the Memory

of

PAUL DRESSER

Beloved Poet of the Wabash

cop. 1

Emeline Fairbanks Mem. Library



## OFFICERS OF THE POETS' STUDY CLUB 1939-1940

President—Mabel Skeen

Vice-President—Lillian R. Beck

Secretary-Reporter—Virginia L. Ballou

## MEMBERS OF THE POETS' STUDY CLUB

Virginia L. Ballou	Elsie Mae Nicholson
Lillian R. Beck	Carmencita Pfohl
Pauline Rea Cox	Mabel Skeen
Joy Harrison Dix	Lois A. Snyder
Emma Walker Goldsmith	Mary Shadley Somers
Dovie LaFollette	Lucille Streacker
Alma C. Mahan	Helen P. Wells
Carrie Mogle	Mary L. Wendholt
Colene Nash	Daisy West

## I N D E X

Lillian R. Beck .....	1
Carmencita Pfohl .....	2
Mabel Skeen .....	3
Mary Shadley Somers .....	4
Virginia L. Ballou .....	5
Elsie Mae Nicholson .....	6
Lucille Streacker .....	7
Helen P. Wells .....	8
Pauline Rea Cox .....	9
Mary L. Wendholt .....	10
Colene Nash .....	11
Alma C. Mahan .....	12

## THE RIVER IS CALLING YOU

Tonight as I stand on the Wabash  
And gaze through the Sycamore trees,  
I visualize a husky boy,  
With a dirty face and rusty knees.  
I can see you climb the river bank,  
And roam in the woods all day long,  
I can hear you whistle and sing,  
The birds gaily echo your song.

From the windows I fancy I see  
The candle-light flickering through,  
I can hear your mother's sweet voice  
Endearingly calling for you.  
The tall sycamores and the river  
Still stand where you happily trod,  
And surely your spirit is here  
Though you rest on an alien sod.

But sometime soon, if we have our way,  
We will bring you back to your home,  
To rest beneath the sycamores  
On the river where you loved to roam.

## THOUGHTS

Our thoughts are things. We often find  
A deed will grow in fertile mind,  
And each thought wave flows into space  
To make a path where one can trace  
A row of flowers, or, row of weeds,  
For thoughts are things and things are deeds.

Lillian Robertson Beck.

## A BOX OF CHOCOLATES

A box of chocolates,  
From you, to me;  
"Sweets to the sweet," you say—  
But the kiss that you gave  
With your gift, my dear . . .  
Is sweeter any day!

## OLD DOG

Old dog, what do you dream about  
When you make those whimpering sounds  
In your sleep. . . .  
Are you running the hunting fields again  
And thrilling to wild sweet smells  
Of a meadow, with dewey grasses  
That hide so well  
The wild things your master is hunting?  
Or are you a puppy once more. . . .  
Learning the many things  
You should not do.  
When I rouse you from your napping,  
You look at me for a moment  
With startled unrecognition.  
Then your eyes smile again,  
Your tail thumps, and with a lazy yawn  
You start to come to me.  
When I stop you with a word,  
You lie for a moment in indecision,  
Then quietly go back to your dreaming.  
Old dog, what do you dream about?

Carmencita Pfohl.

## POSSESSIONS OF A POET

A poet perceives

the earth:

the animated smell of rain-drenched dirt,  
the flapping of a buzzard's wing,  
the flavor of life,  
rich and pungent—then quietly sweet.

the sea:

the sleepy waves in the doldrums,  
the tremulous waves in angry waters.

the sun:

in morning's lucid negligee,  
in twilight's gown of tarnished gold.

the stars:

laughing sequins.

A poet pursues

the sky:

immortal throne of the Absolute.

and with the impetuousness of youth,  
the stolid sageness of time—

A poet reaches

high, higher,  
deep, deeper,

He is satisfied.

Mabel Skeen.

### MODERN PROPHETS

Shrill sounds of shrieking sirens prophecy  
In wailing tones, the sorrow of the land,  
Like flaming torches, they are forerunners  
Of destruction and death in the making.

### TEARS

Tears, those soft tear drops which now and then  
we humbly shed

When word or deed can never express  
and our heart's voice seems dead.

Tears make it known that we are wrapped  
in gloom's dark cloak of sadness,

Or else, perhaps, the Gods have smiled  
and our tears are wreaths of gladness.

Perhaps they welcome roseate life,  
just entering this vale of tears,

Or bid adieu to some dear friend  
who has conquered his span of years.

Tears drop from the windows of our soul  
and into our chalice of emotion,

Tears flow sweetly, glorious ripples  
from that inner fount of devotion.

### FOREVER

Can a flame be quenched with drops of oil,  
Or a weary soul refreshed with toil?

Can you fetter the wings of a butterfly,  
Or dim the light of a starlit sky?

Can a cloud be reached in the blue above,  
Or can my heart beat without your love?

Mary Shadley Somers.

## AFTER MANY YEARS

I dreamed of love as a witching thing,  
Moon-drenched gossamer threads of gold;  
A lover's lips in burning kiss,  
As "desert sands that ne'er grow cold."

I felt that love in all its depths  
Of ecstasy, heartbreak, and pain;  
The world forgot, I worshipped there  
Entranced, in Eros' shining fane.

I drained the cup that life decreed,  
Of singing stars; of broken heart;  
I watched the blazing flame burn low  
And saw the ghost of love depart.

But from the ashes rose a wraith  
That grew into a shining form;  
Thus from the death of love's desires  
Was friendship's glowing beauty born.

## BEAUTY

Golden wheat fields waving in the sun,  
Gleam of firelight when the day is done;  
Cattle a-graze on the hillside slope,  
A child's eager eyes, inspired by hope.  
A road that winds by a rippling stream,  
Gray mists of rain and the dawn's first gleam.  
A hard task done, because of duty,  
All things of God—therein lies beauty.

Virginia Leach Ballou.

## MODERN NOCTURNE

Scraps of noise, red and screeching,  
Slit the seething city rumble,  
Blades of light slice the moonbeams,  
Neon ribbons leap and tumble.

Penthouse stars blink and glow,  
Unlike the frosty ones I've known;  
All is warm and beckoning,  
Even eerie Chinatown.

Trombones blare, cornets tear  
Tango rhythms to tiny bits;  
Jazz, more jazz, and jamboree,  
Hi-de-ho! more song hits.

Skyscraper, lift me to your heights,  
Show me where you keep the moon;  
Give me soft and purple peace,  
Show me diamond stars still bloom.

## BLOTS OF INK

Blots of ink from a scratchy pen  
Bring words both old and new;  
We'll scratch and blot awhile and then  
We'll see what words can do.

Elsie Mae Nicholson.



## HEART OF INDIANA

Where the rising moon with the ruddy gleams  
Of autumn fires and harvest glow,  
Tops the trees and roundly beams  
On rolling prairies that lie below  
In waving fields of the grains they grow,  
There, a song is borne on the pulsing night  
By the whippoorwills and the winds that blow—  
From the heart of a land where peace is might.

When the cold of winter has stilled the streams  
And jammed with ice their sluggish flow,  
From busy mills a whistle screams  
A song of labor that cities know  
Of, "Come to work and home to go."  
But the hills and valleys are still and white,  
Their silence a hymn to the glistening snow  
From the heart of a land where peace is might.

When the thrushes sing in their summer dreams  
In the fragrant pink of a crab-apple row,  
When redbud and dogwood flaunt their schemes  
Of crimson and white where it will show  
And fields lie fallow ready to sow,  
From the marshes shadowed by waning light  
Come a medley of cadences, deep and slow  
From the heart of a land where peace is might.

Oh Indiana, win each foe  
To the loyal allegiance that you invite  
With the strength and livelihood you bestow  
From the heart of a land where peace is might.

Lucille Streacker.

## MY MOTHER

"Mother"—oh such a beautiful name,  
By you, into this world I came.  
You watched me through my baby days,  
You taught me my first hymn of praise.  
You smiled on me with loving pride,  
When first I toddled by your side.

Mother dear—yes it was you  
Who taught me to be kind and true.  
Into your arms I used to creep,  
And you would rock me fast asleep.  
And when I hurt my tiny knee,  
You always kissed it tenderly.

Mother dear—how much I owe  
To you, who taught me how to grow.  
You trained me dear, to look above,  
And worship God, whom all is love.  
I love you dear, there is no other,  
With thankful heart, I call you "Mother."

Helen Pfohl Wells.

## THE FLOWER BY THE ROAD

Just a gaily-petaled flower  
Blooming in a roadside bower,  
Gave the toiler faith and love,  
In the beauties from above.

Gave him hope and gave him cheer,  
For the things he held most dear,  
Gave him strength to go his way,  
Filled with joy throughout the day.

## END OF THE DAY

The sun is sinking down to rest,  
All is quiet, serene and still,  
The golden shadows streak the west  
With beauty over plain and hill.

The air is calmly clean and cool,  
A sweetness floats the evening breeze  
The crickets sing beside the pool,  
And leaves stir gently on the trees.

The lowing herd winds homeward bound  
With tinkling bells so sweet and low,  
The birds chirp forth a sleepy sound,  
The night is coming all must know.

Pauline Rea Cox.

## THE PRAYING TREES

Outlined against the wintry sky,  
Their barren branches reach  
Upwards, toward the God on high,  
In reverent, muted speech.

As supplicants before a throne,  
Their outstretched arms are reaching,  
And passing time has always shown,  
They're granted their beseeching.

I listen as I pass along—  
Intent to hear them praying,  
The wind in whispers makes a song,  
Of all that they are saying.

## MY MOTHER

I wonder if she knew  
How brave she was,  
That those around her grew  
More dauntless too, because  
Of shining spirit  
That she so displayed,  
Like music drifting back,  
From a parade.

Mary L. Wendholt.

## HIDE AND SEEK

(To daughters, Marian and Beth)

Only yesterday, you played  
And romped upon the floor;  
Little girls with eyes of blue,  
Ages—two and four.

Today I've looked for you  
Hiding behind some chair,  
Or perhaps it is the closet door  
But no, you were not there.

I know, you're beneath the bed,  
But I looked and did not see  
Two pairs of roguish laughing eyes  
Peering out at me.

I even opened up a box  
I keep my blankets in,  
Suspecting you had gone to sleep  
With covers to your chin.

I paused for just a moment  
Tired of my little game;  
And beheld my own two darlings  
As into the room they came.

Out of the realm of childhood  
Stepped my babes of two and four,  
Now lovely teen-age daughters  
Knock at my heart's door.

Colene Nash.

## YOUNG LOVE

Today I wear my bright, red dress,  
To hide the bleakness of my heart,  
Why did your love for me grow cold?  
I will not cry! I'll act the part!

I still can smile, be nonchalant,  
To hide the cruel tearing pain,  
At such a cost—the world can't know,  
How can I live and laugh again!

You did not mean it when you said  
You loved me, (I believed it true),  
Then kissed me, but I should have known  
It was a practiced art with you.

I am so young to die for love,  
Despondent, broken by my woe,  
I know I'll never love again—  
At least not for a week or so.

## INTANGIBLE

My love  
Cannot be kept  
With bands of steel or chains,  
Your faith, a slender, silken thread  
Holds fast.

Alma C. Mahan.